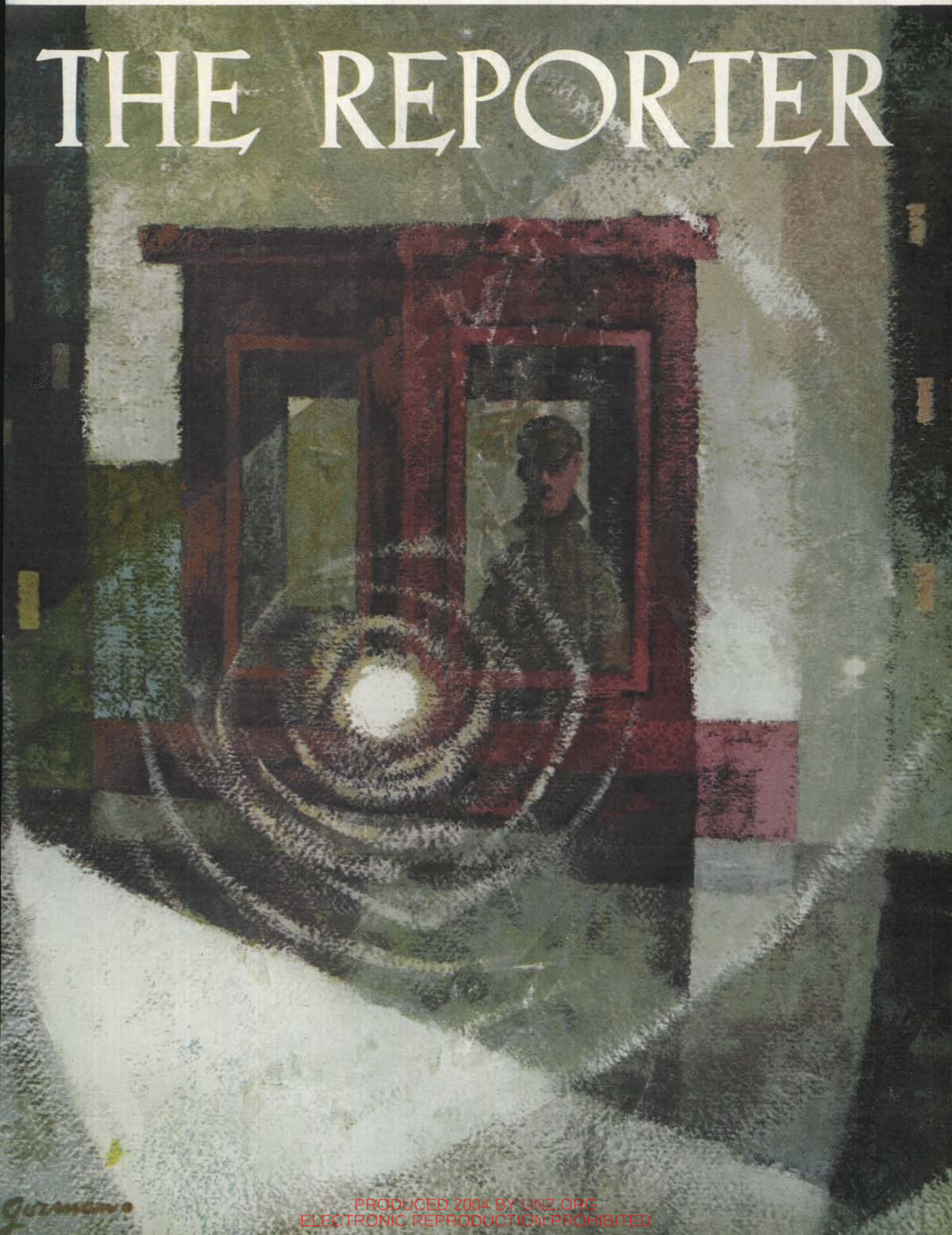
Russia: Old Terror and New Doubts

c December 6, 1962 25¢

The 'Spiegel' Affair: A Distorting Mirror

THE REPORTER



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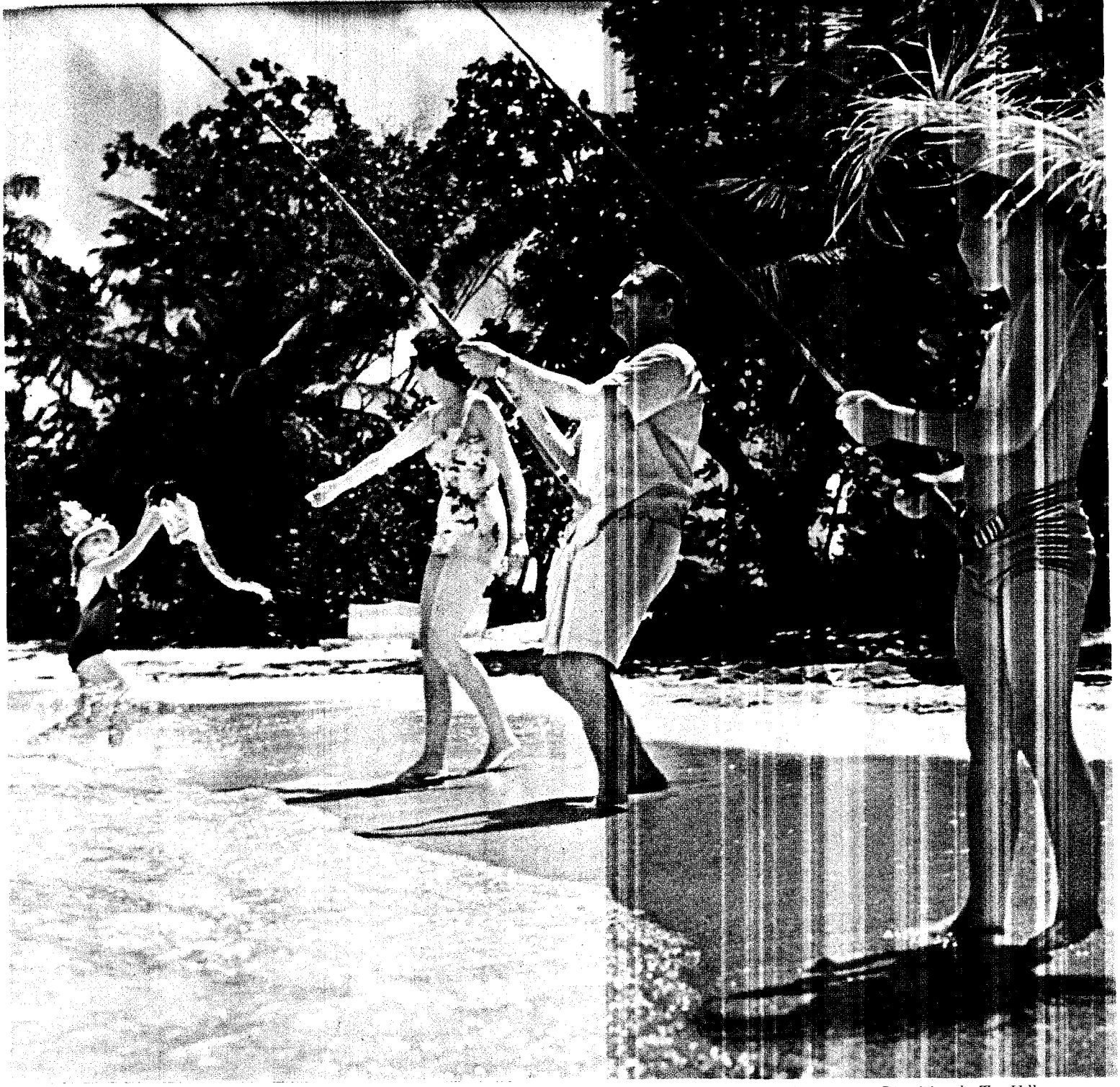

Sam Woodham and family. He lives 10 minutes from the beach and he works 10 minutes from the beach—in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

Winter sport—for International Paper's man in Puerto Rico

OUR photograph could have been taken in June or at Christmas. The larger of the two fishermen runs a plant for the International Paper Company in Puerto Rico. His name is Sam Woodham. He enjoys Puerto Rico's sun and sea 12 months a year.

Sam manages a plant in Arecibo where 300 people make 200 miles of paper every day. His firm's second plant on the island makes this paper into boxes. Demand is so heavy both plants are now working 24 hours a day.

These plants are a part of Puerto Rico's *Operation Bootstrap*. You've probably read about this self-help program. In 10 years it has attracted over 770 U.S. factories to Puerto Rico, providing work for over 60,000 people. Today, two new U.S. plants are opening in Puerto Rico every week.

You should know something else about this Commonwealth. It is itself a billion-dollar market. And it is getting more prosperous every day.

Look around when you visit there. You'll see all of the material signs of prosperity. New houses, schools, factories, supermarkets.

But go to the theatres, ballets, museums, operas, and concerts—and you will see something more. You will see prosperity put to work to serve man's spirit. For information, write to the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 5-A, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.

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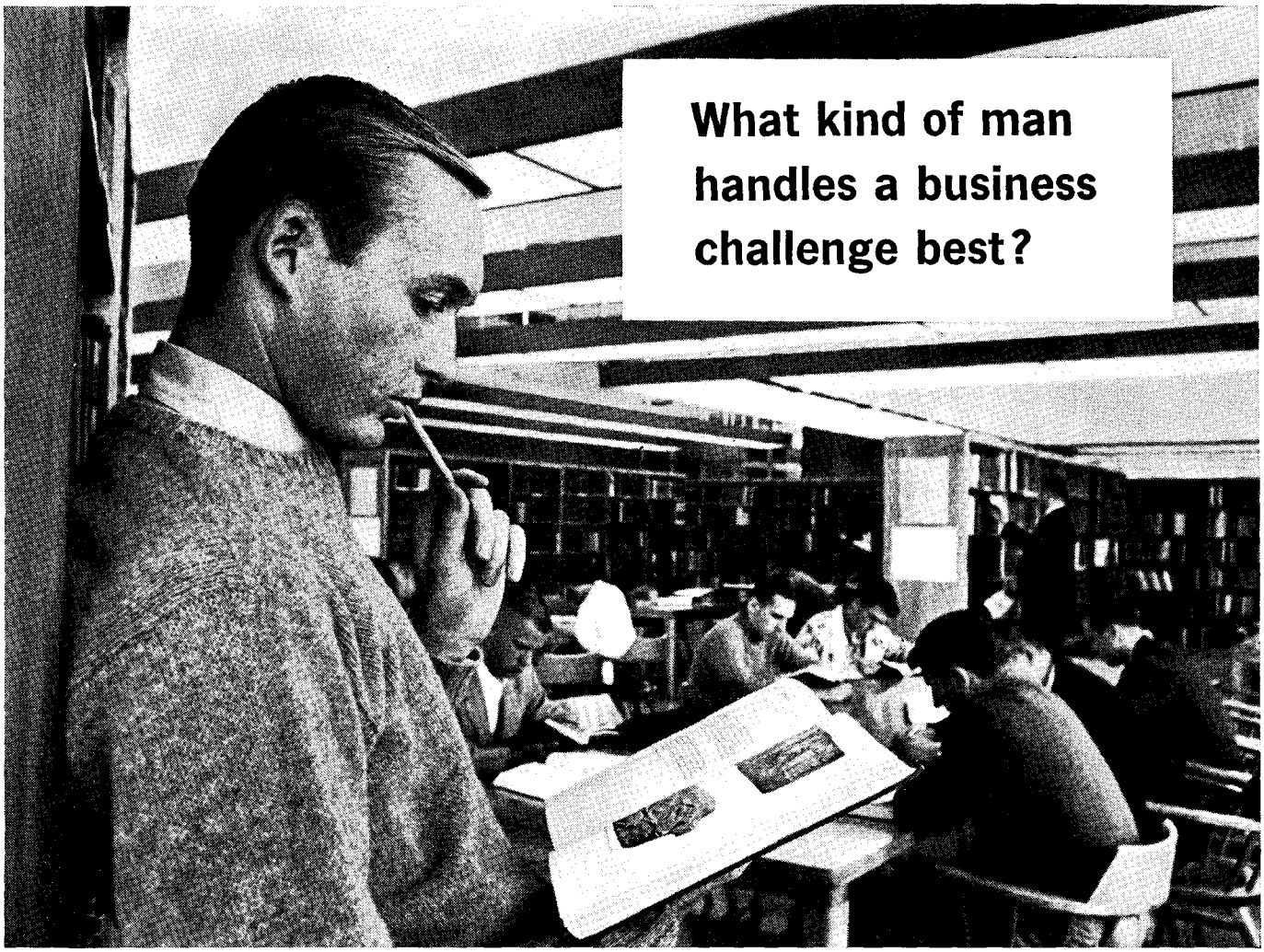

A board chairman talks about tomorrow's executives...

The Bell System has always sought men who could keep telephone service constantly improving. Men with exceptional engineering talent, men with equally outstanding managerial potential. Such men are widely sought on college campuses across the United States. And with the future of communications unfolding so rapidly, the search has intensified.

But still there is the old question to be answered, "What kind of man handles a business challenge best?" A midwestern college audience recently heard these comments in a talk by A.T.&T. Board Chairman, Frederick R. Kappel:

"...We took the records of 17,000 college men in the business who could fairly be compared with each other, and, examining their records, sought the answer to the question: 'To what extent does success in college predict success in the Bell System?'...

"...The results...

"...The single most reliable predictive indicator of a college graduate's success in the Bell System is his rank in his graduating class.

"A far greater proportion of high-ranking than low-ranking students have qualified for the large responsibilities....While a relationship does exist between college quality and salary, rank in class is more significant...

"...What about extracurricular achievement?...Men who were campus leaders reached our top salary third in slightly greater proportion than those who were not. But it is only real campus *achievement* that seems to have any significance. Mere participation in extracurricular goings-on does not...

"...What we have here, as I said before, are some hints—rather strong hints—about where to spend the most time looking for the men we do want, the men with intelligence *plus* those other attributes that give you the feel, the sense, the reasonable confidence that they will make things move and move well....They want to excel and they are determined to work at it...

"...Business should aspire to greatness, and search diligently for men who will make and keep it great..."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, *Chairman of the Board*
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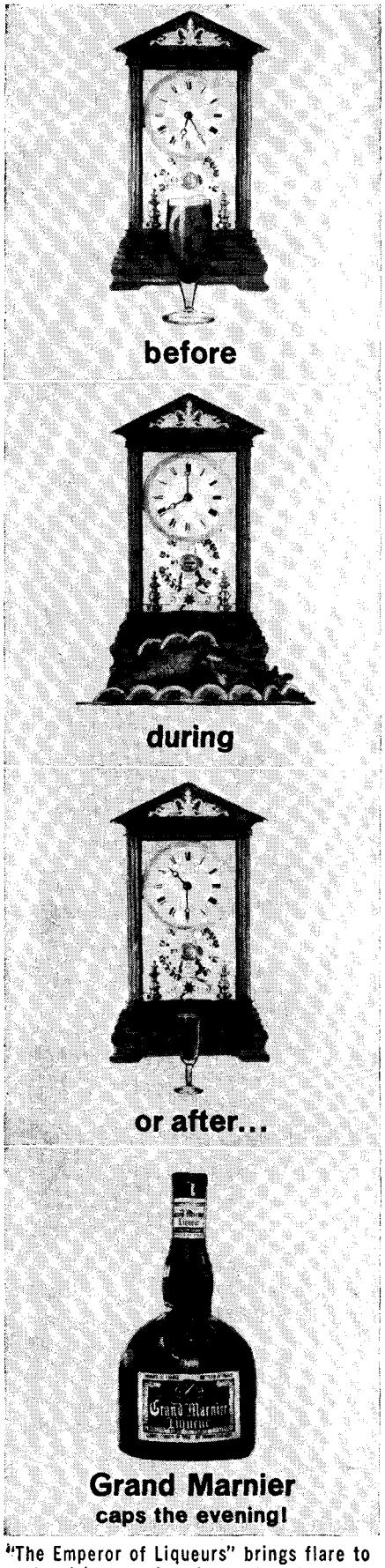

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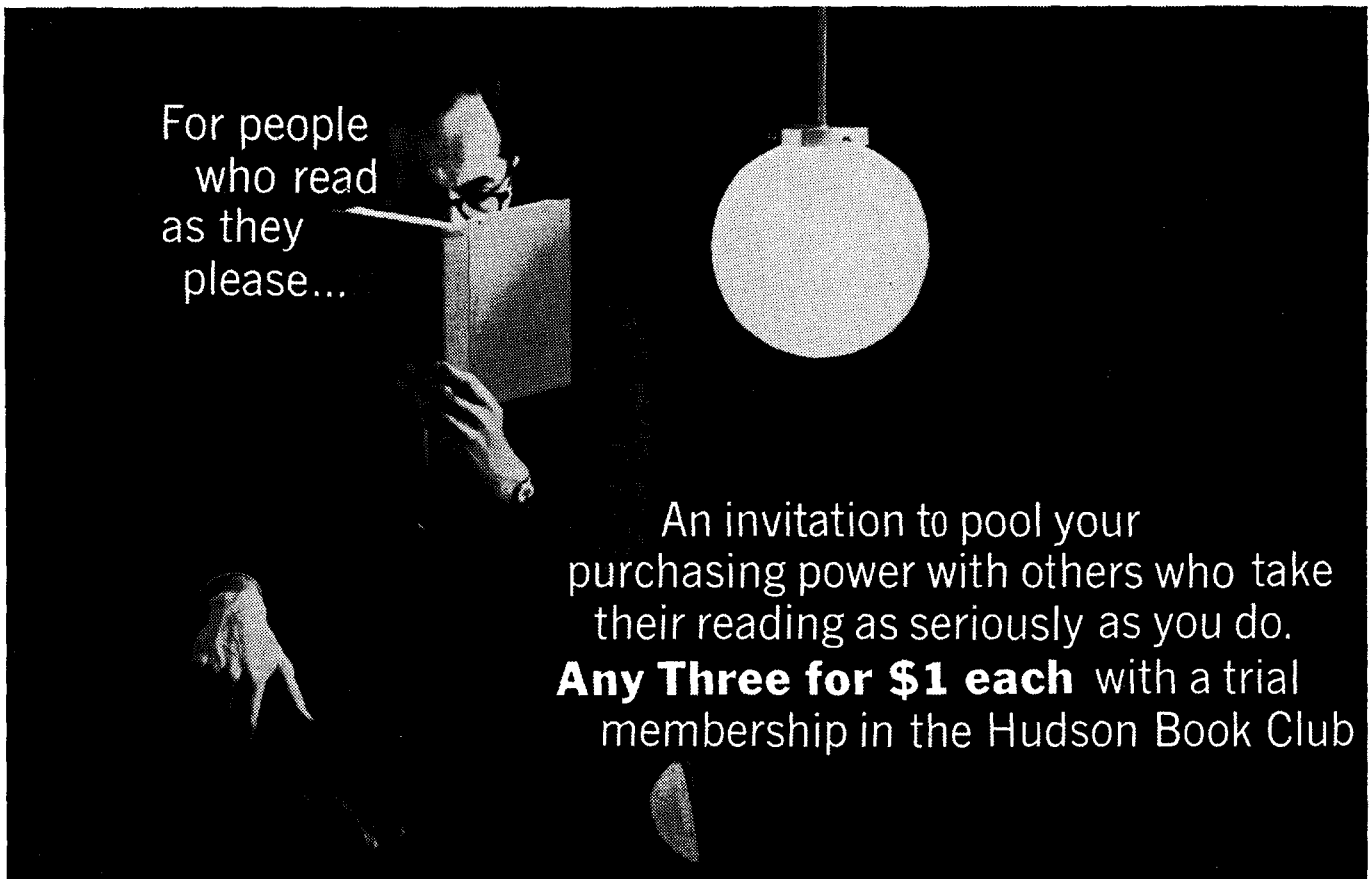
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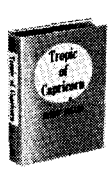

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WITH ALL the worries and all the talks that are engaging everyone—ourselves included—all of them centered on the Soviet Union and its leaders, we wish to take a sympathetic look at the Russian people. This we have done by asking **Priscilla Johnson** to go to Russia. Miss Johnson knows the country and the language perfectly. She lived there for two years working for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Aside from being a most competent writer, she has that rare quality of possessing a great knowledge of Soviet affairs while making no pretense of being a Sovietologist. In fact, if we may summarize her findings in this and in other articles that will follow, we would say that for Miss Johnson the Soviet people are just Russians—dear old Russians of that type that through the great writers of the pre-Soviet era—plus Pasternak—have become so close to us as to be an integral, irreplaceable part of our human society. They have suffered beyond any conceivable point of endurance, these Russians, but they have not lost anything of their humanness, even if in their way of expressing it they prove to be more Russian than ever. . . . But of course Khrushchev is still the absolute boss of the Russian people. During the last few years he has been de-Stalinizing or re-Stalinizing here and there—on the whole, we must say, de-Stalinizing. But lately he has gotten into the habit of asking for the aid and support of the allied leaders to help him against what is called the neo-Stalinism of Hoxha and of Castro. His is a very complex game and the playful old man likes to try some rather nasty practical jokes like the one in Cuba. He is engaged now in a correspondence with our President. **Max Frankel,** of the New York *Times* Washington bureau, plays his own imaginative variations on the theme of this correspondence. Certainly imaginative it is, and we can guarantee that there is nothing classified in Mr. Frankel's material. Yet the gist of it may, we are afraid, be not too far removed from the truth.

George Bailey has taken a look at the *Spiegel* affair, which is much more than the affair of that sensationalist publication. Mr. Bailey is no psychiatrist, but his article gives us evidence of a deep psychological disturbance among our German allies. . . . We were fortunate to receive a report from Havana written by someone who lives there and whose name had better be withheld.

IN MANY of the 1962 election contests, the hottest political issue was not Cuba or medicare, but whether or not to appear on a televised debate with one's opponent. According to the findings of **R. W. Apple, Jr.,** it all has little effect on victory or defeat at the polls: you can debate and win but lose, or debate and lose but win, or refuse to debate and win, or etc., etc., etc. But it seems clear that whatever its usefulness or lack of it, the television debate is here to stay. Mr. Apple writes for the Huntley-Brinkley Report on NBC. . . . **Tom Brooks,** a free-lance writer, reports on the Negro American Labor Council's November convention, at which both A. Philip Randolph and George Meany tried to heal the gap that has been developing between organized labor and the Negro worker.

WE PUBLISH in this issue a major new poem by **W. H. Auden.** Mr. Auden's current books include *The Dyer's Hand* (Random House), a collection of his critical essays; *The Viking Book of Aphorisms,* an anthology selected by Mr. Auden and Louis Kronenberger; and a translation, with Elizabeth Mayer, of Goethe's *Italian Journey* (Pantheon). . . . **Jay Jacobs** reviews three movies about the state of discipline (strict) in the British Navy around the end of the eighteenth century and the mutinous tendencies of the crews thereof. . . . English actors interpreting the classics of the English theater sometimes sound rather like Danny Kaye performing a scat song—the faster the better. The audience is left gasping with the virtuosity of it all but somewhat bewildered as to what they are saying. **John Rosselli** reports from London on the outlook for Britain's National Theatre. Mr. Rosselli is with the *Guardian*. . . . **Nat Hentoff** reviews some recent folk records. . . . **Alfred Kazin,** whose most recent book is *Contemporaries* (Atlantic Monthly Press), discusses the latest volumes of a biography of Henry James. . . . **Peter Hastings** is the editor of the *Bulletin,* a weekly journal of opinion published in Sydney. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches in the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania. His latest book is *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

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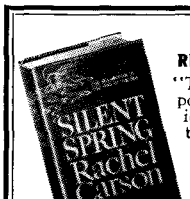

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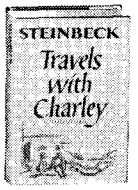

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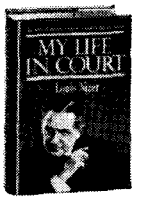

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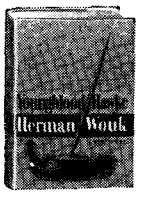

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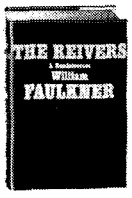

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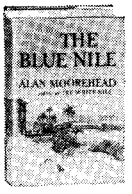

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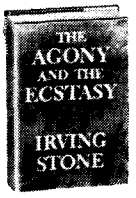

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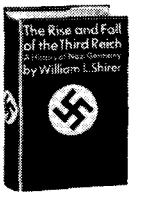

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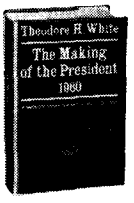

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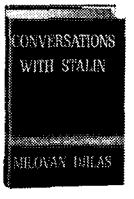

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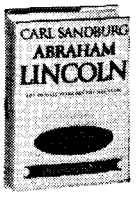

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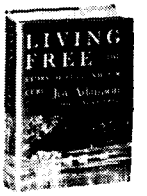

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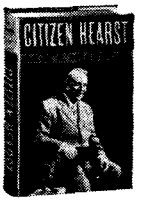

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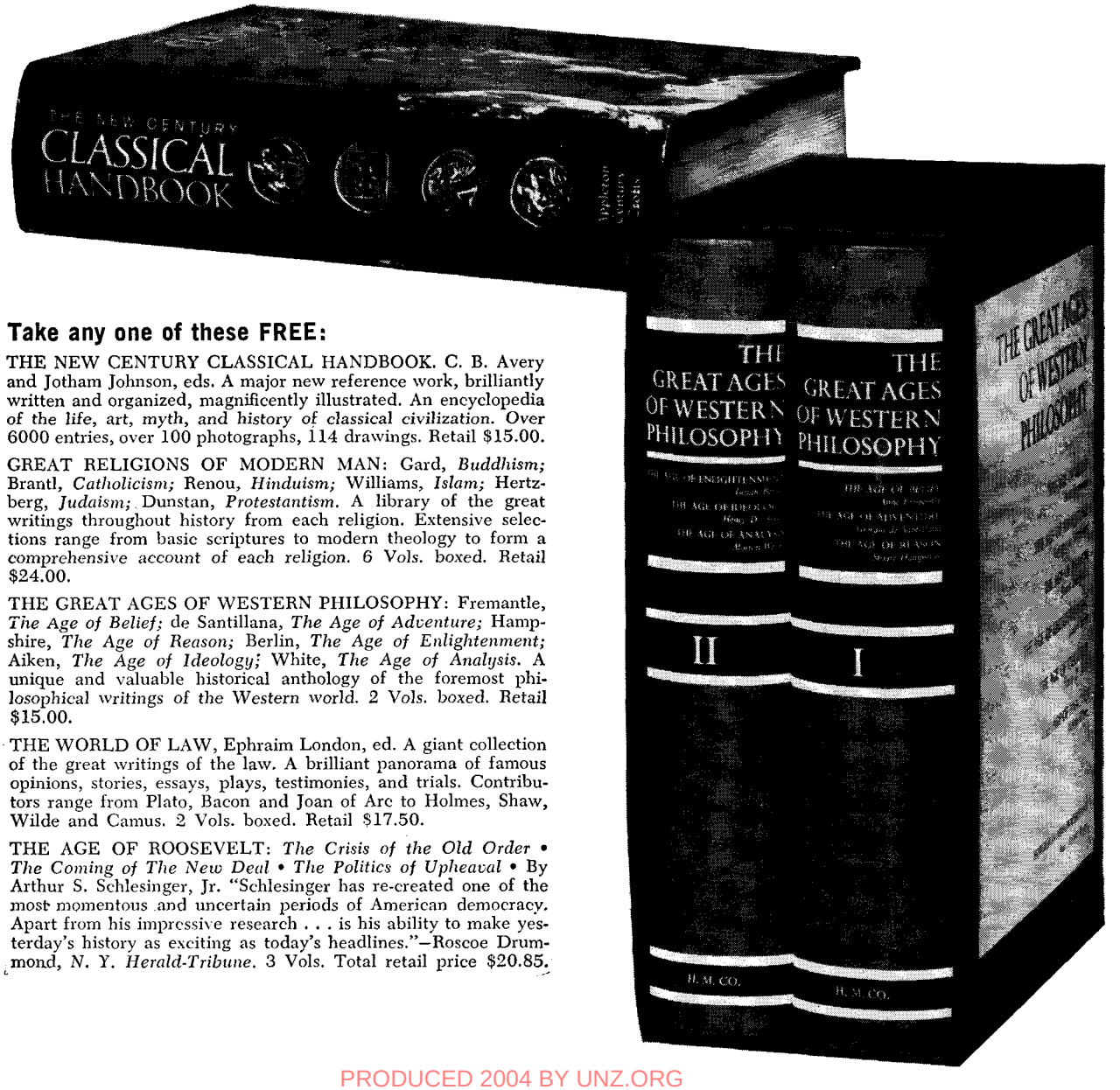

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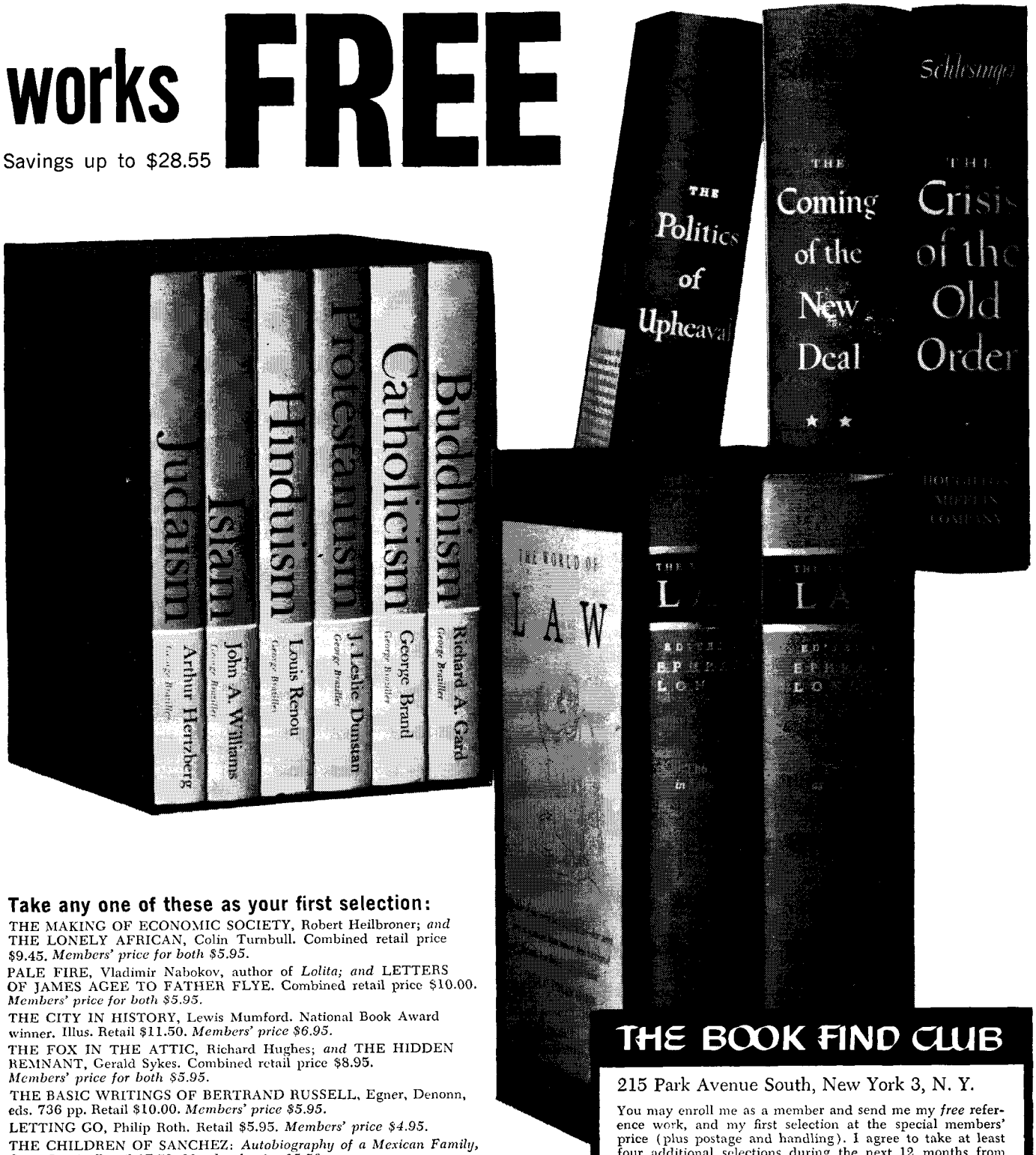

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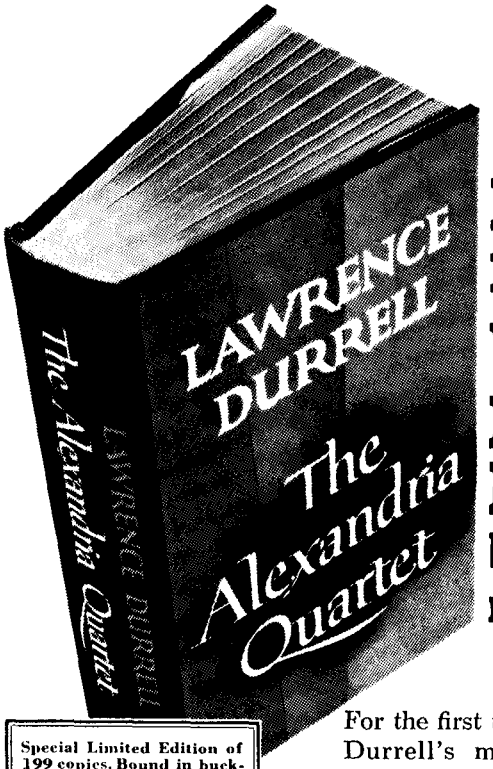

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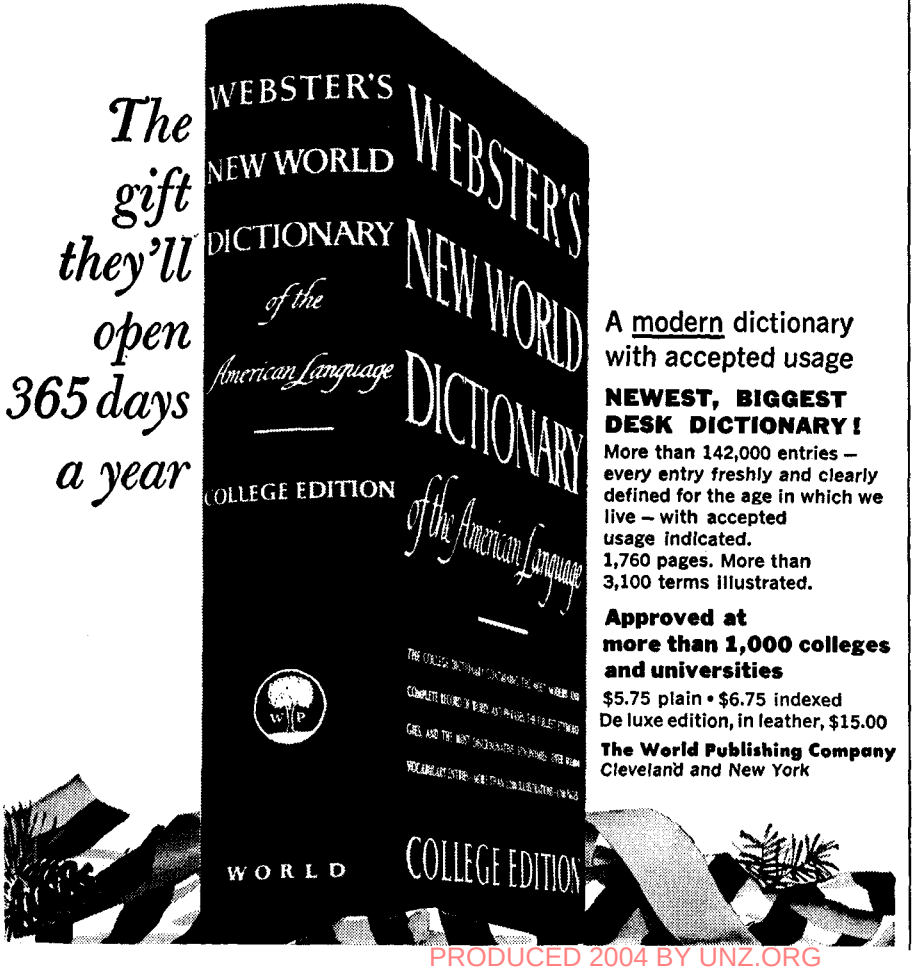

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THE KENNARD CASE

To the Editor: Ronald A. Hollander's report on the case of Clyde Kennard ("One Mississippi Negro Who Didn't Go to College," *The Reporter*, November 8) provokes a reaction of horror. I am anxious to know whether in your opinion, or in Mr. Hollander's, there is anything that can be done to help Clyde Kennard, to publicize his case with its frightening inequities and its implications about the kind of "justice" that is being fabricated in one of our states.

It is good that you have published this article. It would be even better if some positive action results from it.

MRS. JUDITH R. MASTERS
New Haven, Connecticut

To the Editor: I hope that many, many people throughout the United States, including the South, will speak out and insist on an investigation of Kennard's case. Your article will be publicized and read around the world, and to the shame and discredit of the United States.

HELEN JUSTIN
Salem, Oregon

To the Editor: Is there no legal redress for this shameful and outrageous miscarriage of justice? Certainly, some department of the government is responsible for reopening this case. It is a shame for which we are all responsible.

HELEN K. FIELD
Stamford, Connecticut

To the Editor: As Americans living outside the United States, we have continual reason to be alternately proud of or shocked by the doings at home, but this has distressed us more deeply than anything we have read in some time. Is there nothing that can be done? No defense fund to which to contribute? What possible legal means might be used to reverse this dreadful miscarriage of justice? (We are writing Attorney General Kennedy about it too.) We would appreciate it very much if you could put us in touch with anybody who might have some suggestions about the matter. Thank you for having exposed this matter to public attention.

DR. AND MRS. E. P. PATTERSON
Waterloo, Ontario
Canada

To the Editor: How can such an injustice by the supposedly fair Mississippi courts and the Supreme Court go unnoticed? It is obvious that Clyde Kennard is innocent. We are supposed to be patriotic, rally behind national causes, and speak highly of our country. How can we when we know people like McCain and Coleman exist?

Is there any way of letting Clyde Kennard know that there are people who are for him and would accept him

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The Holidays are more at home than ever...

Thanks to television, the sights and sounds of the holiday season brighten homes across the country. Enjoy such Yuletide favorites as *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and the *Bing Crosby Show* — along with other special programs listed below:

The Wizard of Oz
The MGM movie starring Judy Garland.
Sunday, December 9 (6-8 PM)

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
Cartoon version of the Dickens classic.
Tuesday, December 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Triptych
The Nativity in music and dance.
Sunday, December 23 (10-11 AM)

The Rag Tent
The Christmas story in modern terms.
Sunday, December 23 (1:30-2:30 PM)

The Holiday Spirit
A Hanukkah drama.
Sunday, December 23 (1:30-2 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
Annual presentation of Menotti's opera.
Sunday, December 23 (3:30-4:30 PM)

Bing Crosby Show
Mary Martin joins Bing for a Christmas celebration.
Monday, December 24 (10-11 PM)

Latvian and Polish Christmas Music
Monday, December 24 (11:00-11:15 PM)

Catholic Christmas Music
Monday, December 24 (11:15 PM-Mid.)

Christmas Eve Services from New York and Washington, D.C.
(11:15 PM and Midnight):
Cathedral of St. John the Divine
St. Patrick's Cathedral
Christ Church (Methodist)
National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception

Other Programs of Interest in December

The Creative Performer
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Monday, December 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Cyrano de Bergerac
Christopher Plummer in the Rostand play.
Thursday, December 6 (9:30-11 PM)

109 Days to Venus
An account of Mariner II's probe of Venus.
Wednesday, December 12 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Here's Edie
Edie Adams' special.
Thursday, December 13 (9:30-10 PM)

As Caesar Sees it
A Sid Caesar special.
Saturday, December 15 (8:30-9 PM)

The Thread of Life
New discoveries in genetics.
Sunday, December 16 (5-6 PM)

What Is a Melody?
A Young People's Concert, with Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, December 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Year-End News Special
Sunday, December 23 (9:30-10 PM)

Telephone Hour
Jane Wyatt, Florence Henderson, Earl Wrightson.
Sunday, December 23 (10-11 PM)

Years of Crisis
Wednesday, December 26 (7:30-9 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM COLLEGE OF THE AIR TODAY CALENDAR DISCOVERY '62
Mondays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Tuesdays:	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Wednesdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME EYEWITNESS
Saturdays:	READING ROOM EXPLORING WATCH MR. WIZARD NCAA FOOTBALL GAME
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE MEET THE PROFESSOR ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS THIS IS NBC NEWS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS WINSTON CHURCHILL— THE VALIANT YEARS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR VOICE OF FIRESTONE HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT

NOTE: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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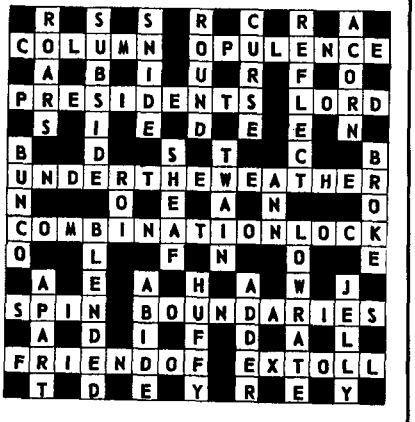

Acrostician—

BERNARD BARUCH

as a person, not as a man with a color? What can one do to help him?

SUSAN SHERK, Freshman
Bradford Junior College
Bradford, Massachusetts

To the Editor: We welcomed your article on Clyde Kennard. Lawyers of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund office first appeared in the Kennard case in asking the Supreme Court to review his conviction in the fall of 1961. Since then we have assisted Mr. Kennard's Mississippi attorney, R. Jess Brown, in unsuccessful efforts to have Kennard released on parole.

Defense Fund lawyers have therefore decided to file in the Federal District Court a habeas corpus petition which alleges that there was racial discrimination in the selection of the jury which convicted Kennard. If successful, this effort will mean not immediate freedom for Clyde Kennard but only a new trial. We intend to make every effort to secure Kennard's freedom.

The Kennard case is but one of 102 major cases now pending in this office, including the Meredith case, the sit-ins recently argued before the United States Supreme Court, and numerous school segregation suits, all of which must be pushed in the face of persistent determination to maintain racial segregation. While Southern states fight us with state treasuries derived from all taxpayers, Negro and white, we are dependent entirely upon voluntary contributions by the public.

JACK GREENBERG
Director-Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense
and Educational Fund, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: The Clyde Kennard story continues. Kennard has been ill for some time. The proper medical facilities being unavailable at Parchman Prison, he had been receiving periodic treatment at a Jackson hospital. He did not appear for his September appointment. Mrs. Leona Smith, Kennard's mother, reports that prison authorities have indicated that he will not be permitted to continue his visits this fall.

After his first enrollment attempt, Kennard's credit was cut off by local feed suppliers, making it almost impossible for him to continue raising chickens, and the family went into debt. The mortgage on the farm and Kennard's two years in prison have not helped the situation. Mrs. Smith remains alone on the farm at Hattiesburg.

RONALD A. HOLLANDER
New York

CUBA

To the Editor: Your editorial "Escalation from the Bay of Pigs" clearly expresses two of the reasons why I and, I suspect, many other foreigners often find our support of alliance with the United States equivocal.

You state: "Our President's action,

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In the same issue, the full story of the first atomic pile; Lord Hailsham, the Scientific Advisor to the British Government writes on the imperatives of international cooperation; Samuel Allison, a participant in the December 2nd events contributes **Uses and Misuses of Nuclear Power;** Linus Pauling, **The Genetic Effects of Weapons Tests;** Hans J. Morgenthau, **Political Decision Making in the Nuclear Age;** and a guest editorial by Harrison Brown.

A SPECIAL OFFER: In December, the University of Chicago Press will publish THE CHALLENGES OF SPACE, edited by Dr. Hugh Odishaw, Executive Director of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. Based on a special issue of the BULLETIN, the book, expanded, revised and illustrated, covers all phases of space science with contributions by twenty five authorities. Subjects are as diverse as flying telescopes, the moon, life on other planets and communications satellites. The book will be 365 pages. Priced at $6.95.

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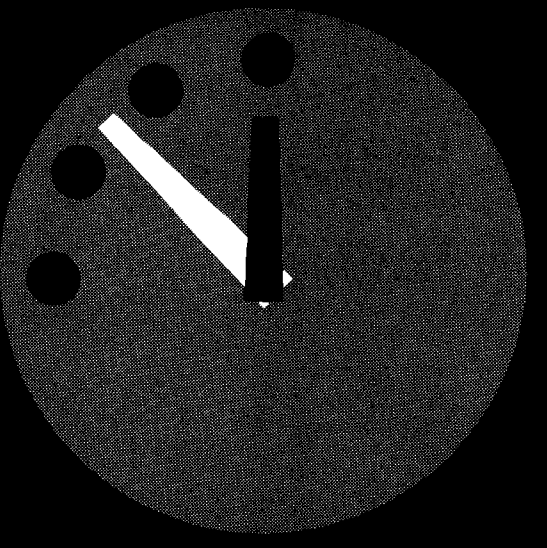

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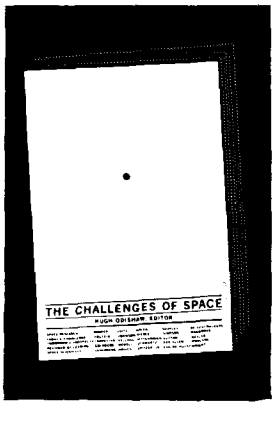

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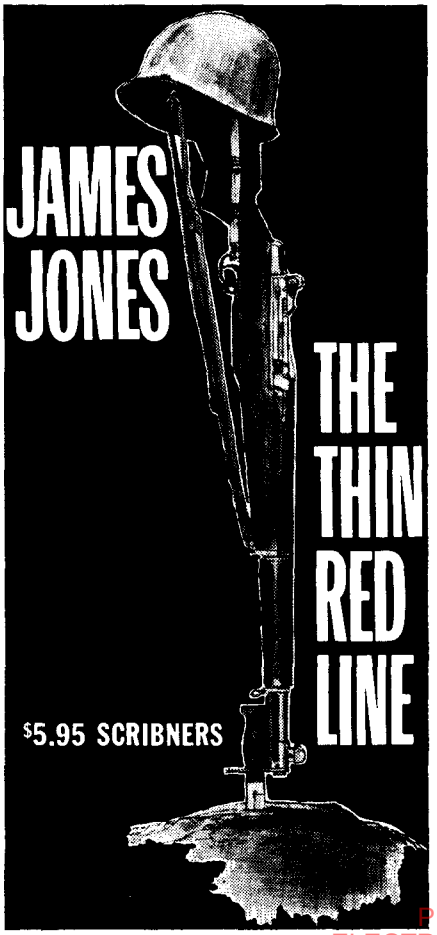

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daring as it is, is not only morally right, but rightly proportioned to achieve the aim that he has definitely set: to humiliate those who wanted to humiliate us." "May God bless our President."

The first reason why I cannot agree is that the President's action is manifestly not morally right by any known system of morals except that which assumes that the preservation of the United States is the highest moral good for all of mankind. I can believe it was necessary, but please do not ask me to believe it was right. That is exactly what the Communists ask me to believe of their actions.

Secondly, I disagree with the notion that threats and humiliation will stop Communism. I had hoped that John Foster Dulles had proved to the satisfaction of the United States that threats of military action, and indeed war itself, were not effective means of stopping the spread of Communism. Perhaps threats are necessary to protect the United States against attack. And perhaps humiliation of its enemies is necessary to sustain the morale of the United States. But neither is likely to slow or to halt the spread of Communism elsewhere.

ALAN M. BAKER
Edmonton, Alberta
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To the Editor: It may interest you to hear that at least one of your readers realizes how difficult, how perhaps agonizingly difficult, it must have been for you to unreservedly support the immediate, practical-political aspect of the President's action on Cuba. For years your editorials have been subtle, theoretical, long-view planning, the products of a humanistic mind trained in classical, idealistic disciplines. You speculated upon steps that might lead to European unity, you analyzed processes of American political life; you were independent, indeed contemptuous, of all the liberal or any other automatisms. Then—to some it seemed abruptly—you advocated the hard line in the Far East, in Berlin, and now on Cuba. Readers were startled; some wrote in the correspondence columns of your magazine that you had changed. To me this charge seems unfair and untrue. You have merely done what is the most difficult thing on earth for an intellectual to do: you have voluntarily, out of a high sense of duty, turned from the speculative to the here and now. You faced the need for immediate political action and accepted the obligation to choose whether or not to support a specific political action taken by the U.S. government at a specific time, risking a specific disaster. You could, these days, have been writing about the Common Market; you chose to write about Cuba. There are times when a complicated mind, if it is a brave mind, has to write "No" or Yes." Congratulations —but my sympathy too.

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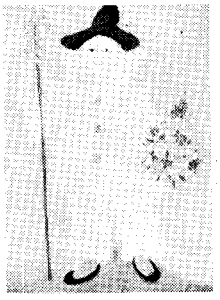

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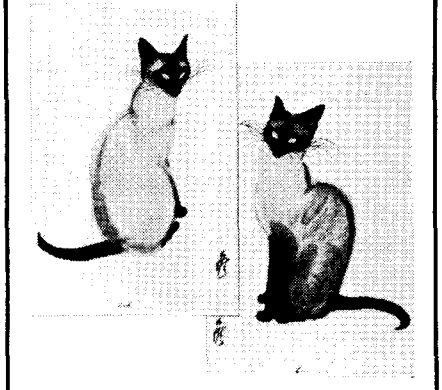

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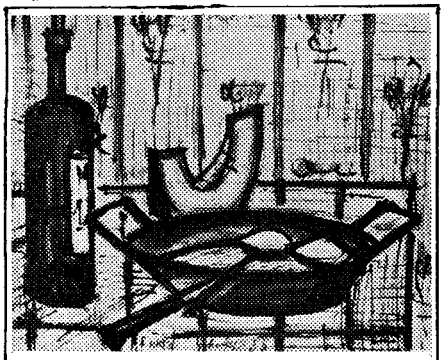

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The War Games

It was Thanksgiving Day. The newspapers and the air waves featured two parallel items of news: The Strategic Air Command was bringing back to normal the number of bombers aloft at all times and those on fifteen-minute ground alert; Marshal Malinovsky, it was reported from Moscow, had been ordered to have "rocket troops and intercontinental rocket troops transferred from full combat alert to normal training and activity."

The war games were over. Since both Red and Blue became armed with nuclear weapons, no previous test had ever come so close to the real thing. The peace for our time the world has endured since 1945 had never been so nearly identical to war for our time. Never was the test so demanding or imposed on so many—a test of our leaders and of their leaders, of our people and of their people. We Americans, as well as our allies, have all been called upon and have given our measure. But are there people anywhere, irrespective of their alignment, who have not felt that their very existence was at stake?

Now that the war games are over, it is imperative to start reviewing the various actions and counteractions that took place. We must understand first of all how the confrontation turned out to be a game, and who was responsible for starting it, and what are the lessons to be learned. This will require a long, sustained effort, but it is not too early to attempt drawing some tentative conclusions. As in the traditional, old-fashioned war games, all conclusions cannot help being tentative. Yet the lessons learned and their cumulative impact may turn out to be decisive.

There is the question of victory and defeat. These old and elemental terms must be used in a so-to-speak way, sheltered from their literal significance with an abundant use of quote-unquote. All the basic issues on which our will and that of the Soviets was tested became manageable when their literal meaning got so diluted as to

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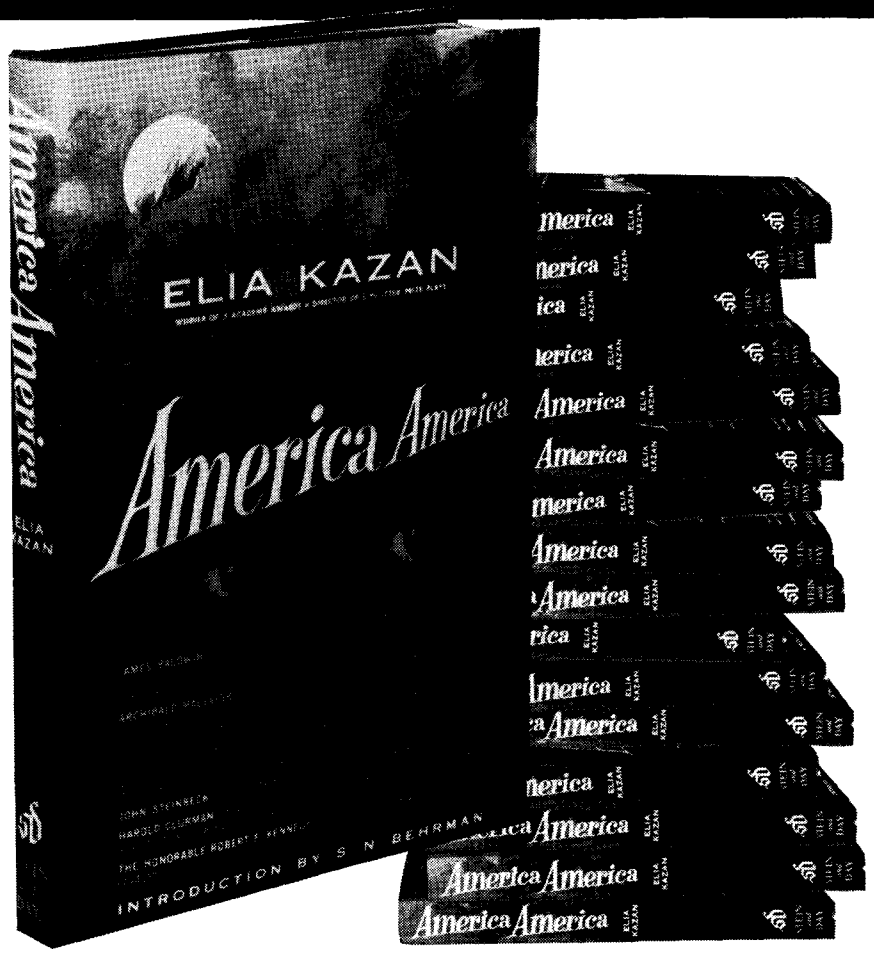

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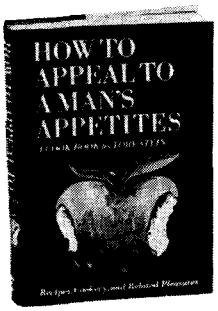

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be nearly unrecognizable. "Inspection," indeed "on-site inspection," came to be an exercise in picture-taking, high above the site. "Verification" was the name adopted for a peek at the lifting of tarpaulins covering crates with something or other inside. And let's not talk about inspection and verification by the United Nations. U Thant, after a futile attempt to apply the Taft-Hartley cooling-off technique, rushed to Cuba to offer Castro reassurances about the sacredness of his sovereignty, and suggested to him that some kind of UN presence (on site, to be sure, but not inspecting) could be a guarantee against aggression. Guess who the aggressor might have been.

Yet there is no doubt that a number of these so-to-speak or let's-pretend operations had a positive, effective function, if for no other reason than that both adversaries agreed on them and therefore turned an imminent war into an exercise in gamesmanship.

Nearly everything about this Cuban affair is baffling, and there are too many mysterious and even sinister factors that must become known to make mature judgment possible. Some of the things that happened may never be known. Take what President Kennedy said at his press conference about the presence in Cuba "of a number of Soviet ground combat units" charged with the "protection of offensive weapons systems." Protection against whom? Castro's army? To what extent did Castro know about the weapons system in his country—not to speak of how to use it? Castro will never tell, nor will Mikoyan.

As to *why* it all happened, there can be no doubt, and no research is needed. Khrushchev's action in sneaking nuclear weapons into Cuba can in no way be offset or, even less, become forgivable because of his promptness in carting them out. Yet in some sections of opinion in allied countries, and to a minor degree in our own, there seems to be something like a tendency to nominate Khrushchev for the next Nobel Peace Prize. If war has been avoided, if ultimate destruction has turned into gamesmanship, it is only and exclusively due to our President and to our country. Had not the President acted as he did at the time he did, had the Soviet atomic batteries been unveiled in Cuba, then both Soviet recklessness and despair on our side would inevitably have pulled the trigger of all those weapons that remained unfired.

With all the qualifications and the quote-unquotes the war games demand, we have won. There is enough hard reality in our victory and their retreat to give to the Cuban episode an immense exemplary significance. Total nuclear war can be avoided only if we go on winning, and don't let the fruits of victory be taken from us.

—MAX ASCOLI

The Press as a Public Issue

Although it was not an amusing subject to his listeners, the President smiled openly and often at his press conference on November 20 as reporters questioned his conduct of the administration's news policy. No less than three questions out of a total of twenty were asked by obviously riled writers. There is nothing that irritates a reporter more than being patronized, and the President seemed to patronize the newsmen in his answers. "Calm down, boys," he seemed to be saying. "We're handling it."

It may be, as some reporters maintain, that the administration is doing all it can to upset the traditional relationship between the press and the government, to the public's detriment. That relationship, as traditional as a most-favored-nation clause in a trade treaty, has undoubtedly been impaired during the past few weeks. The administration has the odd if understandable view that "dissension ought to be kept within the government" as one Presidential insider puts it. This may be an excellent view, but the real problem is to resolve the differences, for otherwise they cannot help leaking out.

The dust had hardly settled on the first phase of the Cuban crisis when newsmen began to attack the administration. The complaints ranged from grumblings about the inconvenient scheduling of briefings

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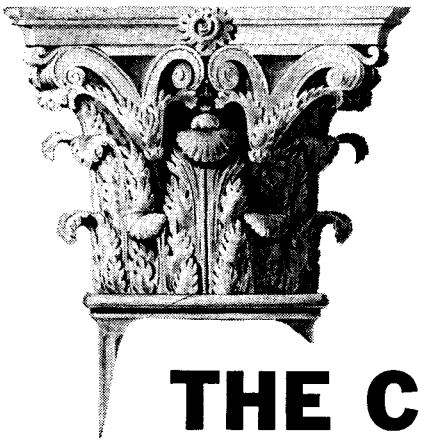

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to declarations that the press in the United States was no longer free. The Pentagon news policy, wrote Mark S. Watson of the Baltimore *Sun*, "suggests the policy and performance of . . . Goebbels." More recently, some of the most responsible newsmen in Washington have written of the unreasonable restraints put on contact between themselves and officials.

Administration officials point out that even without the Sylvester and Manning directives (which ordered Defense and State Department officials to report their contacts with newsmen) news from the government would have been slight during the three weeks following the President's speech. (Few responsible reporters argue with the policy of silence before the President's speech on October 22.) The President and his aides point out that in general the press accurately reflected the government's attitude during these weeks. One exception, they privately point out, was the stories that Cuban missiles were being hidden in caves. But in the absence of guidance, the press was trying to put together what information it could find.

It has been an unfortunate season for the press. In Kentucky, Republican politicians spent considerable time running against that state's two largest newspapers, the liberal *Courier-Journal* and Louisville *Times*. In Los Angeles, Richard Nixon released his anguished thoughts on the state of the nation's press. In Ohio, Governor DiSalle accused certain editors of being "more interested in power than in truth," and Governor Tawes in Maryland also had some sharp remarks to make. And now the discussion rages, on another level, between the administration and the press. At least part of the trouble may lie with the administration which has always paid more attention to the press than is healthy for either of them. And what a wonderful whipping boy the press makes! The fourth estate, like the other three, is not without sin—a fact that engages the public's interest. Should the press emerge as a major national issue, the public would be treated to the spectacle of the press reporting on itself.

A Nice Package

The television audience couldn't hear it, but there was an audible gasp from reporters when the President announced at his first press conference in almost ten weeks that he was signing the Executive order ending discrimination in Federally assisted housing. No one expected it, and the timing can only be described as bizarre. "I have today signed an Executive order . . . ," the President began, and pencils started to scratch on pads. Was it a new move in India? Was he about to declare a new national holiday? No one seemed to get it for a minute. " . . . directing Federal departments and agencies to take every proper and legal action to prevent discrimination in the sale or lease of housing facilities owned or operated by the Federal Government." That made it clear.

There was a jaunty truculence in the President's voice as he spelled out what the order would mean. In answer to a question fifteen minutes later, he explained: "It is sound public Constitutional policy and we have done it." He almost seemed about to add, "just as we said we would." Coming, as it did, after the Cuba statement, President Kennedy's entire performance must have given the Republican National Committee fits.

What had made the housing order in "the public interest," to use the President's words, in November of 1962 rather than, say, in January of 1961 is not crystal clear. His aides point out that the original plan was to sign the order toward the end of the Eighty-seventh Congress. That notion foundered in the push for the trade bill. When the trade bill passed, it was decided to issue the order after the session ended. But Congress lingered on and on, and White House strategists reckoned that with the election looming the move would be too blatantly political. So they waited for a moment when national attention was fixed on a piece of good news from abroad—Premier Khrushchev's promise to get the Il-28s out of Cuba. Was it a political move? Maybe it was. But it was that kind of politics we are not inclined to deplore.

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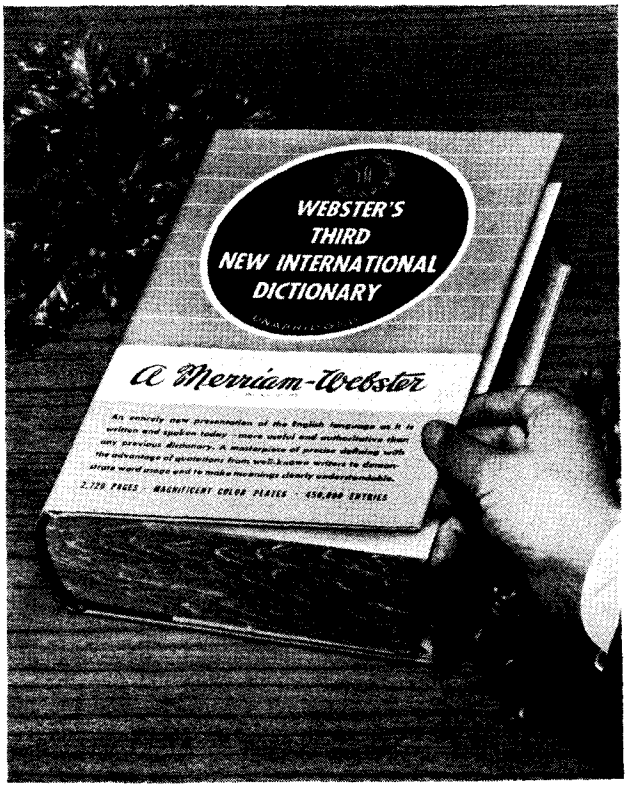

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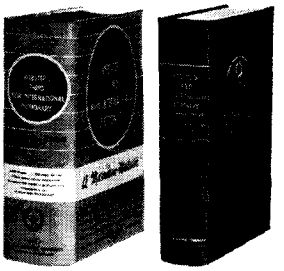

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Old Terror and New Doubts

PRISCILLA JOHNSON

AUTUMN in Russia is a hundred sights that linger in the memory. It is a reddening marsh, a graceful, V-shaped echelon of ducks on the wing, the loud crack of a hunter's rifle. . . . It is the deep escalator of the Moscow subway on a Sunday night, brightened by patches of color as the women return from the country bearing armloads of leaves and chrysanthemums. . . . It is a tiny dacha not far from the city, with a squirrel cracking nuts on a branch overhead and a column of pine-scented smoke curling from a samovar set on the earth out of doors. On the porch a young writer, hero of those who love delicately wrought prose and tales of village life, eyes the tower of smoke and talks respectfully of Marilyn Monroe. . . . It is Novo Devichy monastery on a Sunday afternoon. Begonias still are blooming on the graves and golden sunlight filters through the leaves. An elderly couple pauses by a slender pillar of white granite topped by the serene features of a young and beautiful woman. "Stalin's wife," murmurs the woman. "He killed her, and he mourned her for the rest of his life."

It has been that rare and proverbial "golden autumn," when Russians go gathering mushrooms in the forest and behold in wonder the clumps of long-stemmed birches yellowing in the sun. It has been a time, too, of looking back over the year just past, a year in which, as one Russian friend said to me, "The people learned to talk all over again."

JUST ONE YEAR AGO, at the Twenty-second Party Congress, the Russians were told, as they had never been told publicly before—not even at the Twentieth Party Congress of 1956—that Stalin, great Stalin, for whose glory they had given and sacrificed so much, had been not a hero after all, but a cruel and bloodthirsty villain. To many Russians, the revelations of the Congress were a cause not of jubilation but of suffering, humiliation, and even heartbreak. For there are few who did not have a mystical faith in Stalin and participate in the myth of his greatness. And so it has been a year in which certainties have crumbled and surprise has been suspended, in which it has appeared that no new revelations, however unbelievable, could be ruled out as beyond the limit of credulity. For an outsider, it has

been a time of sympathy for a people who have endured much and are perhaps yet to endure more. For many a Russian, it has been a year of painful looking inward, of assimilating the destruction of belief.

On several occasions, for example, during a brief friendship with a young party official from the Ukraine, I caught the hurt look in his eyes as our conversation veered toward the subject of Stalin. Yet I was unprepared one evening when he almost cried out, as though I had wrung it from him, "God knows what we may be told next!" And the helpless gesture of his hands conveyed even more eloquently than his words a feeling that there is no limit to the trials of belief he may yet be asked to endure. The struggle of his life, I surmised, had been not the tragedy of a childhood shattered by Nazi invasion but the battle to preserve his Communist faith intact in the face of fearful disappointment.

Surely the people of Russia have a capacity for forgiveness and credulity that is unrivaled anywhere on earth. Perhaps it is this which has given them their greatness, which has enabled them to endure and made Russia a country of incomparable power to touch the heart. Yet it has also caused Russians to give their rulers the benefit of a million well-founded doubts and to suspend political judgment where judgment was amply due. Through the centuries it has caused them to be saddled with governments that were little better than conspiracies.

This fall, I thought I detected the growth of a new and healthier spirit—the spirit of indignation. Just as the anti-Stalin campaign has eroded away the single certainty on which the lives of many Russians were founded, rendered most of their sufferings meaningless, and destroyed the clear-cut simplicities of Stalinism, so too, it seemed to me, it has begun to weaken the all-encompassing spirit of forgiveness without which the excesses of Stalinism would have been inconceivable.

For the first time in three journeys to the Soviet Union I heard Russians give voice to a feeling of outrage. I heard them express the bitter belief that in being taught to worship Stalin they had been hideously mocked and deceived. It was a curly-headed lively young painter, brimming with original ideas on virtually every subject, who gave the clearest

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expression to this feeling. He cited the vastness and vulgarity of the skyscrapers built by Stalin toward the end of his life as a token of the spiritual emptiness of his reign. To my painter friend, Stalinism—from the midnight knock on the door to the secret trial to the disease-racked death in the Far North—had all been a monstrous, Russian-size joke. Nothing less than this excruciating sense that they have been cruelly fooled and betrayed could have jarred many Russians from their old moorings of passive acceptance. A few have been shocked for the first time in their lives into the adventure of independent thought. Others have been stirred to indignation. Still others have been startled into a most un-Russian assertiveness. Again and again this year I heard a phrase I had not heard Russians say before: *"Myi imeyem pravo,"* or "We have the right." And whether it is the right to receive letters from abroad, to mingle with foreigners, or to speak one's mind freely, it is a new and significant fact that a few Russians, at least, whose rights have been flouted and trampled on not for forty-five years but for centuries, are beginning at last to speak in terms of their "rights."

It is too early to say what this talk may portend. It is too early to predict that such rights may one day be protected in living as opposed to sham institutions. It may not, however, be too early to say that out of pain, disillusion, and anger, out of loss of the faith on which the lives of the Soviet people were founded, something positive has begun to take shape: public opinion.

THE ISSUE on which a consensus has begun to grow—and in a sense the only issue in Soviet life today—is the issue of Stalin's terror. It is against the background of such a past that indignation sometimes breaks into the open. In Moscow, for example, one can hear accounts of meetings summoned within the intellectual professions last winter to honor the memory of colleagues who were unjustly "repressed" during the purges. One after another, these formal gatherings to honor the dead turned instead into scenes of angry accusation against the living—some of whom were present at the sessions—who had been the most flagrant informers in the 1930's. Among the writers of Moscow a series of meetings was held between December, 1961, and April of this year. Although the meetings were called mainly to discuss current problems of Soviet literature, spontaneous outbursts were heard. A clamor arose that those who had been the most notorious denouncers in the past should be expelled not only from the writers' organization but from the Communist Party itself.

This revulsion against past fear and mistrust is expressed in a hundred small, private ways as well. Talking with my young intellectual friends, for example, I noticed that they appeared to be leaning over backwards to avoid criticizing persons whom I knew perfectly well they looked upon as enemies and whom a short while ago they would have labeled unhesitatingly as "scoundrels" and "careerists." I was impressed by this new spirit of charity, for I had long since become accustomed to the harsh opinions which Russians—whose very lives depended for years on the accuracy of such judgments—frequently voice about one another. I asked one of my friends whether this represented, by any chance, a reaction against a past in which calumniation and slander had been the norm. He nodded, and added a revealing comment: "Here we have the beginning of public opinion."

There is another realm, about which Russians say very little to foreigners, in which this "public opinion" is also beginning to find expression. It is the realm of everyday spying and informing in offices and apartment houses. By custom Russians long ago came to regard this kind of informing as a regrettable but inevitable part of life, a little like death and taxes in more fortunate countries. Acting as though they believed "He is one of us—he was forced to do it," many Russians would try to spare the feelings of the informer in their midst and avoid embarrassing him. Today, however, they have at last begun to express their resentment openly. The informer is an unpopular character, and he is allowed to know it. His work, of course, goes on as before. But he is likely to go about it a little less obviously.

'We Have Suffered—for What?'

If de-Stalinization has given rise to endless and often agonizing heart searching and brought about subtle changes in the relation of Russians to each other, it has also occasioned tangible disappointments. One of the proclaimed goals of the drive was to flush out "careerists" and "heartless bureaucrats" from their deeply entrenched places in the government and Communist Party. The Soviet people could only respond with enthusiasm. In return for their lost faith in Stalin they hoped that life would somehow become simpler and the bureaucracy more responsive to their needs. So far, however, it has

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not happened that way. A bureaucracy of several million people cannot be run without bureaucrats. In some instances the party dismissed the Stalinist holdovers only to find that those chosen to replace them quickly developed the same negative reflexes as their predecessors. In other cases the party found it simpler just to keep the old bureaucrats on since they could be counted on as obedient henchmen, receptive to orders from above. "We have suffered," as many Russians put it, "and for what?"

To observe the responses of Soviet citizens to de-Stalinization is to encounter in a hundred ways the strange tricks mind and memory can play. As a result it often appears that Nikita Khrushchev is the classic example of a prophet who is not without honor except in his own country. Possibly because it is so recent, Russians remember the pain the loss of belief in Stalin has cost them, and they associate this pain with Khrushchev. They do not associate him half so vividly with the act of lifting the terror. For this they give him very little credit, perhaps because it was a gradual process, beginning nearly ten years ago, and one in which he shared credit with other members of the "collective leadership" of that time. If those of adult memory give Khrushchev less than seems to be his due, those who still were children at the death of Stalin and are today under twenty-five give him virtually no credit at all. For their youth has spared them the recollection of what the terror really was.

Indeed, looking back, the high point of Khrushchev's popularity now seems to have been 1959, the year he discovered America and proclaimed the "spirit of Camp David." In that year, too, the housing shortage began to ease and consumers' goods were more available on the shelves. Morale was high. One could hear Russians say: "Khrushchev is fighting his way into Russian hearts" or "Nikita cares about us." Today a good deal of that has changed. Prices are higher and some goods seem to be scarcer than they were three years ago.

The main disappointment, however—one Soviet friend of mine calls it "an end of naïveté"—has to do with the question of peace. Just as the

United States and Great Britain have their ban-the-bomb marchers, in Russia, too, there is real "peace-at-any-price" sentiment, a sentiment that is fed by memories of war and the party's own peace propaganda. In Russia as in the West, the issue that ignites these feelings is the issue of nuclear disarmament. Convinced as they are of their country's righteousness vis-à-vis the "imperialists," many Russians nonetheless blame the Khrushchev régime for failing to bring peace within sight. There are citizens of Soviet Russia whose slogan could be "Better not Red than Dead."

LOOKING BACK, then, as a Russian looks back, it seems as though there were no hardships—famine, purge, war—that life did not hold prior to 1945, and few disappointments that it has not held since. To all of this, the younger generation adds a special complaint of its own. In a restaurant at the Black Sea resort of Sochi last summer, I joined a table of two young Armenian men and a Russian girl. In the course of the long and somewhat alcoholic evening that followed, I asked them what they liked least about Soviet life. Their replies came in a string of staccato phrases: its "lack of style," its "squareness," its "heavy peasant quality," its "slowness to change," the "boredom" and "lack of sharp-looking clothes." Next I asked them what they liked most about Soviet life. They looked at each other for a long moment, and then suddenly burst out laughing. "Nothing," came the simultaneous response.

There are a hundred reasons for the changes that are beginning to make Russia less drab. There is the overwhelming feeling that a little more style, at least, is long overdue. There is a younger generation that is eager for enjoyment and unchastened by the rigors of the past. There is the fact that men and women of all ages are becoming aware that they have minds and tastes of their own. Seeping in from abroad is the infectious influence of the West. Finally, there is the fact that the Communist Party, that bulwark of the status quo, is at last waking up to the fact that it is more expedient to adapt to some changes than to fight them.

For all these reasons, and above all because of the absence of terror, a touch of urban style is beginning to leaven the suffocating provincial spirit that still lies heavy over Russia. There is a little less of the *"Da Zdrastvuyet"* or "rah-rah" element in Soviet life. Even more important for conformity-ridden Russia, there has been a remarkable growth of the spirit summed up in the phrase "tastes differ."

What Hope Is There?

What are the prospects for deeper, more far-reaching changes within the Soviet Union? What are the chances that from today's toleration of colorful abstract-print shirts and functional, streamlined glass-and-concrete architecture the country's rulers will progress to respect for the independent mind and the stubbornly critical spirit? What hope is there for the emergence of a new and fundamentally altered relationship between Russia's governors and its governed?

Here, it seems to me, the answer lies not with the rulers but with the people. Hope must be qualified by awareness of the extraordinary submissiveness of a people who not only put up with Stalin for nearly three decades but have actually turned their misrule into a perverse point of pride. "No one but us," I have heard Russians boast, "no system but ours, could have suffered so much and survived."

Hope must be tempered, too, by understanding of the terrible traces the Stalin era has left on the minds and hearts of Russians. With its pro-

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found mistrust of the people, Stalinism taught people to mistrust themselves. With its probing concern for motives, it taught them not to look too deeply into their own hearts lest they find the seed of political treason. It taught every man to become his brother's keeper—because he dared not become his own. Conditioned for a generation to bury their thoughts deep below the threshold of awareness, few Russians can say any longer just what these thoughts are. Unable fully to face themselves or their ideas, they are prisoners today of paradox and ambiguity. For many of them, it is easier to think long, long thoughts, stretching into a far-off future of utopian Communism, than to deal with painful questions of the recent past.

Take, for example, the scale of Stalin's terror. I have encountered among Russians whose honesty I do

not doubt a widespread misapprehension about the number of people for whose deaths Stalin was responsible. Again and again I have heard them talking of the "thousands" who were "repressed." Scarcely able to believe my ears, I would question the figure. "No, no, not millions," would come the emphatic reply. "Thousands." One reason, of course, is that in the statements of Soviet authorities so far Stalin stands accused of slaughtering only "thousands" of innocent victims. And a vast number of Russians simply overlook the logic of their own experience and refuse to think beyond what they have been told. It is an example of the way in which Soviet minds have been trained to shy away from unacceptable ideas, as cattle shy away from an electrically charged fence.

Here is another illustration of what I mean. Informed by Khrushchev that Stalin was little better than a criminal toward the end of his life, few Russians proceed to make any connection between the dead dictator's domestic crimes and his foreign policy. His madness or criminality, they obediently assume, was not for export but confined to Soviet territory. Few if any, therefore, ask awkward questions about the war against Finland or the gobbling up of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania early in the Second World War. Hardly anyone doubts that the "imperialists," not the Communists, unleashed the war in Korea. Nor do many people inquire whether Stalin's madness, as well as the malevolence of the "imperialists," played a role when the cold war began back in 1946.

Such blindness is less a tribute to a régime that has successfully shielded its public from the facts than to the extraordinary mental docility of the Soviet people themselves. Uneasily aware that there is more to the Stalin affair than has so far been publicly admitted, they seem to be awaiting new revelations. Yet buried within each of them must be some anxious inner prompting as to what these revelations may be. The Stalin era has bequeathed to the Russians a burdensome legacy of doubt.

It Could Come Again

As though the inner ambiguity many Russians feel did not constitute a big enough obstacle to a new, more responsible relationship between them and their rulers, there is another, external obstacle as well. A brown house with a peaked roof of red tile, surrounded by a high wooden stockade and situated on one of Moscow's busiest thoroughfares, is a reminder of this outer impediment. For this is the house where Beria lived, the executor of Stalin's later terror.

Today the place looks deserted. The sentry box and the guardhouse are empty. The old, neglected tennis court is half hidden by weeds and a few fallen leaves. No sound emanates from the house but the clacking of typewriters through the open windows of an autumn afternoon. But despite its rather ordinary appearance, the house stands even today as a symbol that Stalinism could happen again.

Secure inside their embassy compounds, western diplomats in Moscow predict that there will be no return to the terror. In the odd little enclave of foreign residents and the Soviet officials who are permitted to mix with them, criticism can be heard of an American reporter who wrote earlier this year of a phenomenon he called "neo-Stalinism." Even if bad times should recur, say these observers, the new "reaction" would have different contours from the old.

The Russians, however, who would have to live with a reversion to terror, can have no such comforting certainty. Among them one *does* hear the phrase "If times were to change." Speaking of certain officials who still are active in the bureaucracy, some Russians *do* use the word "Stalinist," and they omit the prefix "neo." It is the more thoughtful, intelligent Russians who are most fearful that bad times could indeed recur. It is they who are most aware that the phenomenon they call "Stalinism" has been excised neither from the minds nor the lives of their countrymen.

Three years ago, Khrushchev addressed the writers of the Soviet Union. "Keep your own house in order," he told them in effect. "Don't come to the party with your quarrels." The writers took his remark precisely as he had intended. Since then, no major scandal has shaken the Soviet literary world. Rather than tempt the party to crack down, the writers have undertaken to police themselves.

Similarly, last summer, when the central committee of the party renounced its right to intervene be-

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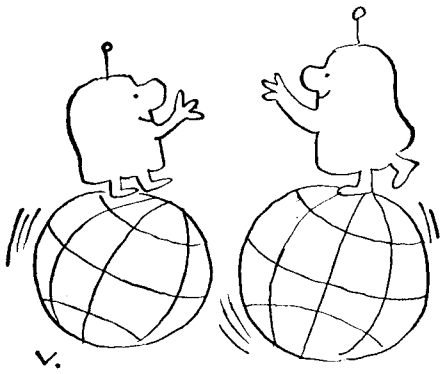
tween two rival groups of doctors, proclaiming that medical men, not party leaders, must decide questions of medical treatment, the response of scientists in many fields was immediate. "We must be careful with this new privilege of ours," they said. "We must move cautiously, lest we jeopardize all we have won."

Thus, the threat that Stalinism could come again hangs like a sword of Damocles over the lives of many Russians. And as these two instances show, it is the intellectuals, who could do most to help Soviet society come to terms with the terrible strains of the past thirty years, who are blackmailed most effectively by the threat. Denied an opportunity to serve as their country's prophets, rebels, and critics, as its much-needed catalysts of change, they are compelled to operate like calculating political strategists instead. For no one in the Soviet Union today, not even the leaders, can be sure just where the limits are. No one can say with precision just which transgression of which imaginary line will topple the edifice of post-Stalin "freedoms." Without sure knowledge of the limits, no one will risk the fatal step that could bring the frail edifice crumbling.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that even within the past year the changes in Russia have been vast. But when do hundreds of small changes in the lives and attitudes of people add up to the single great change that could bar a reversion to the past? At what point does quantitative change turn into a change in the quality of Soviet political life?

If anyone knows the answer, it is not the Soviet people themselves. Ambiguity in the inner world of thought and emotion, uncertainty in the outer world of action—this is their lot today. Of the Khrushchev régime it may be said that its genius has been its ability to manipulate this doubt—without the use of terror—as an instrument for holding the popular longing for change in check. As for the people of Russia, the question of their future is whether out of the inner greatness that has enabled them to endure they now can summon forth the daring to demand of their rulers a new and genuine spirit of responsibility.



An Epistolary Merry-go-round

MAX FRANKEL

TAKE A MYTH, Miss Smith. My Dear and Esteemed Mr. Chairman: Now that we have demonstrated in the Cuban crisis that neither of us wishes war, may I urgently suggest that we do something to demonstrate that we also want peace. As you know, we do not fear to negotiate as long as we do not negotiate out of fear. There would seem, then, to be no further obstacles, even to a settlement of global and historic proportions. I have several concrete ideas, but await your reaction and for the moment suggest only that we remain in daily and continuous communication, as during the recent unpleasantness. Most Cordially.

TAKE ZAPISKA, Comrade Riska. My Dear and Esteemed Mr. President: I welcome your suggestion as a step toward peace. I agree, for there is more than one way to slice a squash. Let us begin with Europe, which, conveniently, is already divided. If you will get out of Berlin you may have Western Europe while we shall keep Eastern Europe and we shall then have eliminated virtually the only problem between us. I am eagerly awaiting your reply. Most Cordially.

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MY DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: I welcome the spirit of your letter. But Berlin is out of the question. We have commitments throughout the world and if we were to welsh on our Berlin commitment our word would become truly meaningless. I know you would not want to humiliate us among our friends and we simply cannot desert our allies. May I respectfully suggest that we begin by reunifying Germany and then proceed to permit all European states—East and West—choose whose side they wish to be on. Sincerely.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Hungary, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria, and Czechoslovakia already have chosen, so we need not waste time. But under certain circumstances, we could perhaps live with that dangerous hotbed of tensions in Berlin for another decade. Some squash ripens slowly. If in the meantime you would recognize the sovereignty of East Germany and agree to respect its frontiers, or at least say you would, then half of Germany, at least, could also proceed to choose. Then, once the militarists have been thrown out of power in West Germany, the two Germanys themselves may find a way of reunifying their country. But this is a complicated question. You mention allies. We too have allies and we dare not leave them in the lurch. Perhaps, therefore, we could make some preliminary progress by getting rid of the alliances first. I would suggest for this purpose that we both dismantle bases outside our territories—and I must assure you that we have none such at present and have no need for them in the future—and then recall all of our troops to within our respective borders. Sincerely.

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DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: I agree that our bases are militarily useless now that we too have intercontinental missiles and secret submarine missiles around your shores; in fact the old overseas bases are a drain upon our treasury. But these bases and our troops in Europe are symbolic evidence of our commitments to our allies, some of whom already have begun to doubt our willingness to die in their defense. Perhaps a less painful way of abolishing alliances would be to merge them. You may have noticed that we have already taken an initative in this direction by helping to strengthen the Common Market, which, we expect, will become a giant economic magnet attracting much of Eastern as well as Western Europe. I think you will lose in this economic competition. Since you can't lick them, you might want to consider joining them, or at least letting your allies join them. For after economic union will come political union and then military union (with nuclear weapons), and a Europe that is quite a match for you and yours. The whole thing, in fact, is so promising that I wouldn't dream of disturbing it unnecessarily. I know you will draw the correct conclusion from all this. Respectfully.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I sense a deterioration in the tone of our correspondence. The provocative nature of your last suggestion is typical of the whole U. S. European policy over the past decade and perhaps now, if you will reread our recent exchange, you will understand why we must insist that you get out of Berlin so that we can draw a line under the Second World War and hold you where you are. Perhaps, though, it would be better to change the subject to, say, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. Respectfully.

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MR. CHAIRMAN: You have no business in any of those places and we are going to see to it, as you might have come to realize recently, that you stay out.

MR. PRESIDENT: You are quite right. We have no colonialists or monopolists eager for business in those places and we will stay out if you get out. That is the point of the policy we advocate: Arabia for the Arabians, Africa for the Africans, America for the Americans. Once the colonialists are removed from these places, we have absolute confidence in our triumph through peaceful coexistence. National liberation movements, like that of the heroic Cuban people, will sweep these continents, and in due course the working peoples, through the Marxist parties that are their vanguard, will be victorious there. We beseech your co-operation, therefore, in keeping the big powers from interfering with these normal processes so that neither the agents of international conspiracies nor of international organizations will stand in the way of history. This is not to say that either of us should stop aiding or trading with the developing countries; fat cows, it is said, slaughter easily. My only concern is that this assistance be selfless, like ours, and beneficial primarily to the working classes and their vanguard, instead of enslaving, like yours. You could help in this entire matter not only by restraining your own monopolists but also those of your European allies. In justification, you could point out that by helping us in this endeavor you would also be contributing to the defeat of my Chinese partners' influence in these places. Coexistentially yours.

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TAKE ANOTHER MYTH, Miss Smith. Esteemed Mr. Chairman: I apprehend a conflict of views and ambitions which, if unchecked, could become dangerous. I am beginning to fear that our negotiation is beginning to be negotiation of our fear. Allow me, then, to propose still another change of subject. Time may solve the problems we have raised better than we are now able to do; and the important thing now is that time itself survive. If we cannot solve *all* our problems at this moment, let us at least eliminate the perilous weapons with which we might otherwise be tempted to dispose of them. Let us talk of disarmament. Cordially.

ZAPISKA, RISKA. Esteemed Mr. President: Allow me to greet your statesmanlike gesture. Fallow land is fertile land. You know our eagerness for complete and general disarmament already for four years. Now it is you who have consistently claimed a superiority in the means of delivering these most terrible weapons, of which, I might add, we have enough to destroy you. Fairness, then, requires that we begin in the very first days of any disarmament procedure by destroying all these means of delivery—missiles, bombers, submarines, and the overseas bases from which they operate. Subsequently we could proceed to the reduction of our armed forces. I guarantee, as I always have, that impartial inspectors chosen by the Security Council shall have the right to inspect the actual destruction of weapons and later the mustering out of our troops. I feel that we are making progress at last. Cordially.

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DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: I am afraid that for the purposes of this discussion we must assume that we are both equally strong, as you have often claimed. Therefore, we should begin not with the total destruction of one or another type of weapon, but with the destruction of a given percentage of both our lethal ar-

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mories. Thus we could maintain the balance of power and the capacity to destroy each other through most of the stages of percentile reductions. Naturally, we would have to begin by exchanging inventory lists of all our weapons and with inspections by someone not subject to the Security Council veto, so as to make certain that we have told each other the truth. Then, once disarmament has begun, we could inspect factories, railroad yards, ports, and the like, so that we can be sure that what has been destroyed is not immediately replaced by newer models. Hopefully.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am having inordinate difficulty with my Stalinist colleagues, who insist that the only motive of your last proposal is the desire to conduct legal espionage on our territory. Please understand me. I do not suggest that you would want to take advantage of our better security system by breaking into a house that is not yours in the name of disarmament. And we certainly seek no new privileges to spy upon your country. I urge you, therefore, to reconsider our logical proposal. As evidence of my complete trust, I can solemnly pledge that as soon as we have completely disarmed, persons of your choice will be free to inspect every inch of our country, including remotest Siberia. We have nothing to hide. Confidently.

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MR. CHAIRMAN: Let us not be afraid to say it: in this atmosphere of mistrust, there can be no total disarmament. But let us clear the air, let us purify the atmosphere, with a ban on nuclear testing. Sincerely.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Just one more final word of caution: we shall never be able to have inspection before disarmament. But a test ban, I agree, could be arranged without any of these difficulties, since we already inspect each other's territories to detect testing from afar, and, I must say, effectively so. Respectfully.

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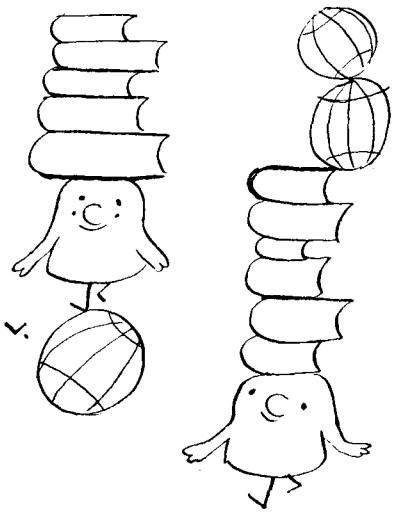
MY DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: I have no desire in this hopeful exchange of views to reiterate frozen positions, about testing or anything else. But I must, in candor, point out the view of many of my associates that the reason why at any time one of us might be prepared to end testing while the other is not is that neither



of us wishes to end testing unless we can be reasonably certain that the other is not ahead in the development of sophisticated and varied nuclear weapons, thermonuclear weapons, anti-weapon weapons, and the like. So that even if we could agree upon this troublesome question of on-site inspection, I am coming to believe that what is really necessary is reciprocal inspection of a much larger sort to make certain that at the moment in which we stop testing we shall be roughly equal in weapons development. So disarmament, or at least inspection of a sort needed for full disarmament, might really precede a nuclear test ban. This is, of course, implicit recognition of the fact that a test ban is really not a form of disarmament at all. Yours truly.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: You have been frank with me; permit me to return this compliment. It follows from what you say that if we today considered ourselves ahead in weapons development and therefore agreed to a test ban, you would not. And if you offered to meet our terms for a test ban, then it would be logical for us to assume that you are ahead in weapons development and we thus would not dare to accept. And even if we should both simultaneously agree to the same terms for a test ban, it would be reasonable to assume that each of us would then conclude at once that we had each miscalculated our relative progress and so we would immediately renounce the agreement. Hence we should change the subject. Truly yours.

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MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED MR. CHAIRMAN: I think history will marvel at the full and frank exchange that has come to mark our negotiations for peace. Unhappily, we seem to be running short of subjects, but I do think it important to maintain contacts at all possible levels. Fondly.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED MR. PRESIDENT: I concur in your estimate of the progress of our exchange. The tone is much improved and this augurs well for our two great nations. Why don't we cement these ties further? Why don't you trade with us? Most humbly.

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DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: You are more than welcome to purchase in our free and competitive markets any goods that you need, except of course those which we must keep from you for reasons of national security. Expectantly.

MR. PRESIDENT: We are nearing another raw subject, this discrimination of yours in question of trade. How can we improve our commercial and other ties if everything which we need you refuse to sell on the grounds of national security? And how can we pay for purchases from you unless you purchase from us, or, better, let us have some credits on favorable terms? Yours.

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MR. CHAIRMAN: It is difficult enough, politically, to be writing to you and I think it is just a little farfetched to expect us to be financing you. Trade will come with good relations and better relations will come with greater understanding. Would it not be advantageous to sell our newspapers, books, magazines, and other information openly among your people so that we could begin to build good will and appreciation for each other's points of view? Sincerely.

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DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I quite agree that cultural values and therefore cultural exchanges are the most important things our two fine people have to offer. The war propaganda and lies of some of your publications aside, we greatly value the traditions and talents of the great American people. Surely an agreement on this level would be far more important than the few hesitant, plodding, and inconclusive diplomatic agreements and military cease-fires we have reached in the past in places that neither of us, to be frank, cares very much about, such as Korea and Laos. So let us begin dramatically. I accept your worthy initiative and unstintingly offer the Bolshoi Ballet. Cheerfully.

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MY DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: Never again let it be said that dogged diplomacy is fruitless. I have been greatly encouraged and rewarded by these exchanges and especially by the fact that we are now so close to an important agreement. My wife and I look forward to the return of your dancers to these shores. Will you have the New York Philharmonic again or Mr. Cliburn? Delightedly.

MY VERY DEAR AND ESTEEMED MR. PRESIDENT: Both! And at once!

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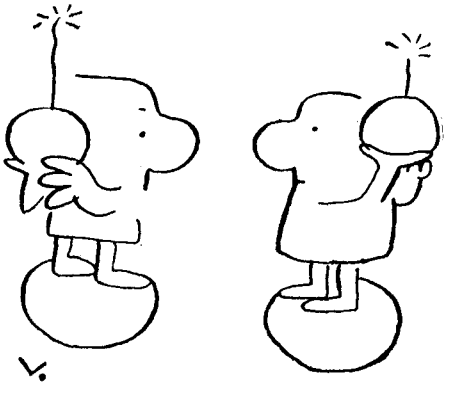
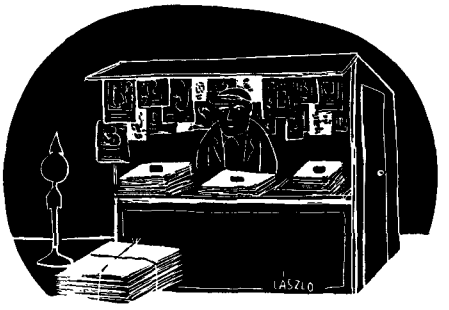
MY VERY DEAR AND ESTEEMED MR. CHAIRMAN: Granted.

DEAR JOHN: And may I humbly suggest that we crown this agreement at the highest level? I think this is indeed a propitious moment in



which to proceed to the summit, to the problem of Europe and especially Berlin.

AT HOME & ABROAD



The 'Spiegel' Affair: A Distorting Mirror

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

PROFESSOR TEUFELSDROCKH, Carlyle's narrator in *Sartor Resartus,* describes a recurrent dream in which all the state's dignitaries assembled at a solemn occasion are suddenly and magically stripped of every shred of clothing and stand there straddling, stark naked:

"What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in every Deed, as here in Dream? *Ach Gott.* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und Staats-Aktion*) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce, *the tables* (according to Horace) and with them the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilized Society *are dissolved* in wails and howls."

What has happened in West Germany since *Der Spiegel-Aktion* began does not fall far short of Professor Teufelsdröckh's nightmare, and the scandal, now at full tilt, threatens to meet the professor's phantasmagoric specifications before it is over. On October 26, the Adenauer government launched its first (and very probably its last) major political police action: some editors of the West German magazine *Der Spiegel* were arrested on charges of treason, treasonable falsification, and bribery. Shortly thereafter, much of the machinery of the West German government went haywire.

One Strauss Too Many

From the very beginning the government blundered on every occasion and every occasion seemed to conspire against the government. The arrest of the *Spiegel* editors took place at the worst possible time: in the dead of night all office space of the magazine was sequestered and ransacked. Subsequent issues of the magazine were not confiscated nor was the staff prevented from working on them, but *Spiegel* personnel were forced to find working space in the offices of other publications. Strict censorship was imposed on everything that went into the magazine. Worst of all, at the request of the German government, one of *Der Spiegel's* editors and his wife were arrested while vacationing in Spain. (It had to be fascist Spain.) Another *Spiegel* editor sought for arrest was vacationing in Hungary, where he was promptly offered asylum by the

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Kadar régime. He declined the offer and returned to Germany.

It then developed that Minister of Justice Wolfgang Stammberger, of the Free Democratic Party, though he knew that legal action had been started against *Der Spiegel,* had not been informed of the intervention by the Federal police. He had been neatly bypassed by his own state secretary, a career civil servant named (portentously) Strauss, a member of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union. In the interests of tight security, State Secretary Volkmar Hopf of the ministry of defense had told Strauss (minor) not to inform his chief. Hopf, also a CDU man, had been given full ministerial powers to handle his ministry's part in the action by *his* chief, Minister of Defense Franz Josef Strauss.

Strauss (major) had been on vacation during much of the preparatory stage of action, and in any case wisely desired to distance himself from it, since he has been the chief target of *Der Spiegel's* editorial broadsides over the past several years. Nevertheless opposition, press, and public immediately thought they smelled a large Bavarian rat. The ministry of defense was necessarily involved because charges against *Der Spiegel* concerned military secrets. The bypassed minister of justice submitted his resignation and the four remaining Free Democrats in Adenauer's coalition threatened to resign in a body if those responsible for excluding the FDP from knowledge of the police action were not removed from office. On November 5, Adenauer reluctantly sacrificed Strauss (minor) and Hopf—although the latter was merely suspended and sent on a long vacation—and temporarily saved his coalition. Meanwhile, the government made its first and so far only arrest within its own ranks; an army colonel named Wicht was charged with treason. The plot thickened immediately.

Wicht turned out to be a member of the supersecret German intelligence organization under General Reinhold Gehlen. At this news, popular imagination ran riot. Because Colonel Wicht was well known to journalists in Hamburg as a sort of one-man news handout service dealing in military information, suspicion arose that there was internecine warfare in progress between the Gehlen organization and German army intelligence, a suspicion that was reinforced by a government spokesman's statement that General Gehlen himself and the Gehlen organization were not involved in the *Spiegel* case but "at most some of its members."

On November 6, the Federal prosecutor's office announced at a press conference that documents found in the safe of *Der Spiegel's* publisher, Rudolf Augstein, revealed that Wicht had warned the *Spiegel* editors they might be arrested some ten days before the action was instituted. Considering the closeness of security maintained during the government's preparation of the case, this development pointed to complicity in its innermost circles. Photographic copies of highly classified military documents, clearly stamped as such, were also found in Augstein's safe, along with photographs of military installations officially classified as secret.

But this information was drowned out in the continuing uproar over suspected and ostensible violations of due process. The mayor of Hamburg, Paul Nevermann, telegraphed Adenauer that his city's senate "might find itself forced to examine the legality of the activity of Federal officials on the territory of the State of Hamburg." Adenauer shot back a warning that by intervening in the course of the investigation, Nevermann would render himself liable to prosecution. But public attention had long since focused on the circumstances of the arrest of *Der Spiegel* editor Conrad Ahlers in Spain. On October 30, it was officially announced that the Federal Republic had not requested Spanish authorities to arrest Ahlers. On the same day, a Spanish spokesman announced that Ahlers had been arrested at the request of Interpol, the international police organization.

The next day, Minister of Justice Stammberger stated that neither the Federal prosecutor's office nor Interpol had had anything to do with the arrest of Ahlers. On November 2, Federal Press Chief Karl von Hase made the extraordinary statement that neither Interpol nor any German agency had requested Spanish authorities to arrest Ahlers. German ministers and government spokesmen fell all over themselves by turns refusing comment, reversing their own previous statements, and contradicting each other, until the Spanish minister of information presented the press with a photocopy of the telegram received from the Federal criminal investigation office in Wiesbaden requesting that Ahlers be arrested. The telegram was signed "Interpol Wiesbaden."

The Germans had neglected to inform Interpol headquarters in Paris —a breach of required procedure. Meanwhile, the ministry of interior, the foreign ministry, and even the police stoutly persisted in denying any involvement. Ominously, the ministry of defense simply refused comment. But on November 7, the foreign ministry announced that, contrary to diplomatic usage, the telegram had been sent by the German police not via the foreign office but directly to the German embassy in Madrid, with the added instruction that it be "handed to Colonel Oster," the military attaché. Thus a suspected link between the arrest in Spain and the ministry of defense and Strauss was produced, just four days after Strauss had publicly vowed he had nothing to do with the *Spiegel* action.

This revelation set the stage for the stormiest question period in postwar German parliamentary history. During the next three days many angry and silly statements were made: the minister of interior ad-

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mitted that the arrest of Ahlers had been "somewhat outside legality"—and reversed himself next day. The chancellor lost his temper at one point, calling Augstein a traitor and declaring that the country was on the brink of "an abyss of treason." Adenauer then startled members of parliament and the press by announcing in an almost confidential tone that the telephone line from his home in Rhöndorf to the chancellery had been tapped and that consequently he could not discuss official subjects on the phone.

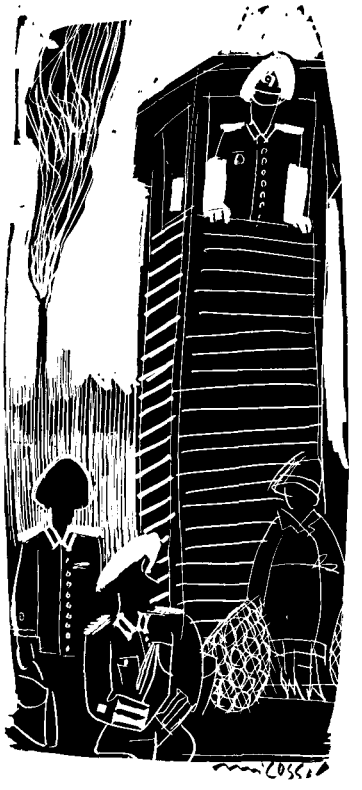
'Resign . . . Resign'

It was Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, however, who fared the worst and caused the supreme sensation. On the last day, he was forced to admit that he himself had talked by telephone to Colonel Oster in Madrid. His explanation was that Oster had to be called because the colonel was a close friend of the vacationing editor and the only person who knew Ahlers's exact whereabouts. Speed was of the essence because it was known that Ahlers planned to fly from Spain to Morocco. Astounded, Oster had insisted on receiving the order from Strauss personally. Colonel Oster is the son of Major General Hans Oster, a leader of the wartime anti-Nazi resistance, who was executed in 1945.

Strauss immediately became the central figure of the *Spiegel* action, and a full-scale government crisis set in. At this stage, an electoral barometer was provided by the state elections in Hesse. There, for the first time, the Social Democrats gained an absolute majority at the considerable expense of the CDU. Three days later, the Social Democratic deputies in the Bundestag demanded Strauss's resignation. Shortly afterward, the coalition Free Democrats followed suit when the party leader, Erich Mende, announced that "co-operation with the present defense minister is no longer possible."

Since then, Strauss has been almost universally regarded as a great political liability whose eventual disposal is only a matter of timing. The matter was decided on November 19, when all five FDP ministers resigned. On the next day, Strauss and the remaining fourteen ministers present in Bonn resigned in a body, leaving Adenauer alone at the head of a caretaker government. The FDP could have assured Strauss's resignation anyway because the alternative —a minority Adenauer government —could not function beyond the budgetary debates, tentatively scheduled for next January. The opposition invariably votes against the budget.

SHORTLY after the *Spiegel* action was launched, a Hamburg journalist called a close friend high in the government and warned him



that the government had made a horrible mistake. "Nonsense," replied the official. "*Der Spiegel* has had this coming for a long time, and nobody except a couple of unimportant radical newspapers will make any fuss."

Der Spiegel had indeed long been something of a fat and mischievous problem child in the German journalistic community. From a news magazine it had turned into a publication mostly dedicated to sensationalism and scandalmongering. Its tone was shrill and its content was malicious, though it managed somehow not to be caught in libelous inaccuracies. But because of its nature and methods, its access to authoritative sources was progressively reduced. Comparatively few respectable public figures would lend themselves to a *Spiegel* interview. In the process of selection by self-disqualification, *Der Spiegel* turned to other sources—a maid, a laundress, a cook, possibly a secretary with a grudge. The gleanings were served up in each issue in the form of five or six interminably long articles, garnished with gags and innuendoes and sauced with almost subliminal derogatory suggestion. Despite this (and indeed because of it), *Der Spiegel* was far and away the most important publication in Germany. Set off against the rather conservative German press, *Der Spiegel* became a magazine attracting frustrated dissidents of every stripe. It trafficked in suspicion and resentment, and its only editorial policy was a pervasive spirit of negation. On the one hand, it acquired a large constituency of readers unwilling or unable to think for themselves; on the other, it lent itself as a vehicle for all forms of underground political opposition. Instead of splitting away, dissident factions of political parties went into hiding and emerged in the offices of *Der Spiegel*—often in the mistaken belief that they were using the magazine. In this way, *Der Spiegel* penetrated all political parties, including those in power. Above all, *Der Spiegel* was the standard-bearer of Germany's mixed-up postwar intellectuals.

Der Spiegel, the German word for "mirror," reflects and magnifies an emotional thoughtlessness that in different forms is to be found in many contemporary and frequently high-placed Germans. During question periods in parliament, an FDP member charged that the defense ministry official who prepared expert opinion on the *Spiegel* case was a "former SS officer of high rank." Strauss treated the accusation as unworthy of denial until reporters informed him that he had left the impression that his official was indeed a former SS officer. The next day he set the record straight. But he ruined his case and inadvertently contributed to the basic charge when, after a brilliant discourse, he could not resist the temptation to add that

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there were "many more former ss officers in the ministry of interior than in my ministry."

The fact that the charges were made at all is more significant than whether or not they are true. The traumatic German fear and abhorrence of police involvement in politics is a mass psychological legacy of the Nazi police state. The arrest of *Der Spiegel* editors at night inevitably conjured up phantoms of the Gestapo stalking the streets again. "If there is a knock at your door in the small hours of the morning," the Socialist leader Carlo Schmid quoted in parliament during a question period, "it is not the milkman."

For this reason, any political police action in Germany, large or small, efficient or inept, would have stirred up a hornet's nest. In turn, no one in Germany is more aware of the national trauma than the policeman himself. This is perhaps why even Minister of Justice Stammberger, though aware that legal action against *Der Spiegel* on charges of treason had been initiated by the Federal prosecutor's office, apparently was unable to conceive that the action might involve police work. He dismissed an early newspaper account of the arrests as a rumor.

Cops in the Doghouse

It is small wonder that the police action against *Der Spiegel* was bungled. Arrest orders were carried out three unaccountable days after they were issued. When the police finally made their first move at 6:30 in the evening, it took them an hour and a half to discover that they had mistaken an advertising manager for Augstein. Thereafter, the police were obliged to proceed with unseemly haste in order to minimize the possibility of escape and concealment or destruction of material evidence; hence the arrests in the middle of the night. Even then, they were unable to find Augstein. He gave himself up the following morning after learning there was a warrant out for his arrest. The police action, like the entire government conduct of the affair, was characterized by overcaution and hesitancy occasionally offset by a heavy-handed thoroughness.

For their pains, the police were greeted with a chorus of condemnation so loud that the chairman of the Federal policemen's union (there is such a thing in West Germany) brought suit against an "unknown defendant" in protest against the popular determination to hold the police responsible for the method of the arrests. Now if there is a knock at the door in the night, it might conceivably be a harassed Federal police officer seeking refuge.

When the Hamburg city senator for interior was informed by Federal authorities of the impending action

against *Der Spiegel*, he expressed grave reservations because he considered that the arrests would seriously prejudice the forthcoming parliamentary debate on *Notstandgesetz*, a law providing for a state of national emergency. For seven years and under frequent allied pressure, the Federal ministry of interior has doggedly tried to put through a national emergency law. Every attempt has been foiled by parliamentary opposition backed by extreme popular reluctance to give the Federal government extraordinary powers under any circumstances. As a result, thirteen years after its foundation, the Federal Republic still lacks a legal mechanism for declaring a state of emergency. Until such a law is passed, the three western allies are still legally empowered to take over the German government in an emergency.

The Germans, to be sure, have a democratic constitution. But they leave it unfinished, for the notion of a self-contained legal order still evokes in them conflicting fears and emotions. Because of the Nazi experience, they still have great difficulty resolving in their own minds basic concepts of government. This is particularly true of such concepts as loyalty or treason. To have their case cleared up, the survivors of the plot of July 20, 1944, forced their own trial for treason by the district court of Braunschweig in 1952. They were exonerated on the ground that it is the duty as well as right of the individual to conspire against any "illegal state." The ascertaining of precisely what constitutes legal and illegal states was ultimately left to the individual conscience. With such notions still prevailing, anything that might be interpreted as an attempt by the state, however subtle, to overreach its prerogatives is certain to be seized upon as evidence of illegality.

The Emotional Crisis

The success of *Der Spiegel* rests on Rudolf Augstein's diagnosis of the deep psychological wounds of the German body politic. Augstein has systematically and often brilliantly exploited these infirmities in pursuing his own goal: a neutralist, antimilitaristic West Germany. The article that caused the arrests and the ensuing uproar was only the last in a long series of similar ones. For some reason, the man responsible for national defense must have considered it the last straw. But as always, the real target behind Strauss was Konrad Adenauer, and more specifically, Adenauer's European, western-oriented foreign policy.

The division of Germany prolongs the confusion of moral values caused by the Third Reich. What happened after Hitler's end cannot possibly eliminate the feeling that the present-day political order is somewhat fortuitous and precarious. Every German schoolboy knows that the Federal Republic is a by-product of the conflict between the three major allied powers and Russia, and that it came into existence when these three powers decided to unite their three zones of occupation and endow them with self-government.

Treason in one part of Germany is almost by definition heroism in the other. By reverse token, a great many Germans are blindly anti-militaristic because all guns are pointed in the direction of "the other Germans." There has consequently al-

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ways been an open revolt of opinion against the Federal government in large sections of the intelligentsia. In protesting the action against *Der Spiegel,* Group 47, a society of German writers, issued a proclamation that included the following statement: "In an era that has rendered war unusable as an instrument of policy, they [the signers] consider it a moral duty . . . to inform the public of so-called military secrets." Many have pointed out the similarity between the *Spiegel* case and that of Nobel Prize winner Carl von Ossietzky, who was jailed for publishing material revealing the secret rearming of the Weimar Republic. But this rearmament was in violation of international agreements, while the military secrets *Der Spiegel* is alleged to have published are related to the international agreement the Federal Republic has contracted as a member of the Atlantic Alliance. Moreover, the German military secrets are identical with NATO's military secrets. The NATO high command recently brought pressure on the Federal Republic to clean up the exceedingly sloppy German security situation.

THE GERMAN PRESS (and especially *Der Spiegel,* whose circulation increased by over 200,000 in the first week of the action), in proclaiming that freedom of the press is dead, has never exercised that freedom so furiously. If the present government crisis goes on with ever-increasing momentum, the foreign policy and military strategy of the Western Alliance could be seriously affected.

The last few weeks have proved that the much-praised political stability of the Federal Republic is somewhat questionable. This stability since the beginning of the Republic has depended on the expectation of German reunification. The present crisis is a spasmodic reawakening of the one that was caused when the Wall was built to suppress any hope of reunification. The emotions that have swept the country have shown how shaky and temporary are the foundations of the governmental structure. The emperor is in his underwear. When—let's hope soon—Bonn awakens from this latest nightmare, it will find itself once more the provisional capital of a provisional state.

Some Misunderstanding!

A report from Cuba on how Khrushchev's tactics look to Castro

PANATELA

HAVANA

THE RAINY SATURDAY of October 27 was even more dramatic in this city than the preceding Monday, the day President Kennedy announced the blockade. To the Cuban leader, Khrushchev's letter agreeing to withdraw offensive weapons from Cuba was the first and therefore probably the most serious shock he received in the current crisis.

As the press-agency teletypes revealed the successive stages of this surprising outcome of the crisis, the evidence became unmistakable: Khrushchev was throwing in his cards without any consideration for his Cuban partner. For Cuba, a new crisis within the crisis was unfolding. On November 1, Castro admitted as much in a TV speech: "It must be said that during the development of the crisis there arose some differences between the Soviet government and the Cuban government. . . . A certain discontent may have been produced by those misunderstandings and differences . . ."

The nations of the Soviet bloc usually make an effort to keep their family quarrels hidden. The differences must have been very serious and Cuban resentment must have been very strong indeed for Castro to have made such statements. But, as everyone in Havana knew, for some Cuban leaders this "certain discontent" had come very close to fury. For neutral observers it was obvious that the agreement between Kennedy and Khrushchev had destroyed two years of Cuban policy.

Khrushchev's letter of October 27 made at least three points for which Castro was wholly unprepared and which could well give him the feeling that he was being stabbed in the back:

¶ Khrushchev acknowledged the existence of medium-range nuclear

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missiles on Cuban territory, a fact that the Havana government had never admitted. Certain Cuban spokesmen had actually denied it categorically.

¶ Khrushchev agreed to withdraw these missiles without even consulting the Cuban government. This gesture clearly demonstrated that Cuban sovereignty, on which the men around Castro are so intransigent, did not include the launching pads.

¶ Khrushchev even went so far as to reassure President Kennedy by informing him that there could be no danger of the missiles being "accidentally fired" since, he made clear, they were wholly under the control of Soviet officers. The line Khrushchev had adopted in his letter was of capital importance for Cuba. In blunt words Khrushchev made it quite clear that Moscow would not go to war to defend Cuba.

Over and over again one word recurred in conversations with Cuban leaders on that Saturday: the word was "Munich." For the first fear of the Castro revolutionaries was that they would be abandoned just as Czechoslovakia had been abandoned in 1938 and left at the mercy of a relentless enemy. There were Cuban leaders who said quite openly: "Khrushchev is a coward." Castro himself overhearing at Havana University a student say "I don't like Soviet policy," made his own comment in these words: "Neither do I, but we have to understand it and argue about it."

It was in July, 1960, that the question of Soviet nuclear missiles first arose in the Caribbean. It was then that Khrushchev threatened to launch nuclear warheads if the United States attacked Cuba. "We are the arbiters of world peace," Major Ernesto "Che" Guevara proudly declared on October 7, 1960. Of course the missiles involved were in the Soviet Union, and Khrushchev later put the matter less categorically and insinuated that he had only been speaking "symbolically."

But Castro took him literally. Since the beginning, Castro's greatest fear for the survival of his revolution has been armed invasion. He was probably convinced that his only security against this peril lay in Soviet support, and specifically in the Soviet promise to launch nuclear missiles and a Third World War if he were attacked. Again and again during his interminable speeches he stressed the theme that the United States would "commit suicide" if it laid hands on Cuba. Castro's extremism has often been noted, but surely it has never been more evident than on this matter: for him the best guarantee for the independence of his country lay in the prospect of a nuclear apocalypse.

In the last two years, despite certain rumblings, the Cuban government has made no move to disengage itself from complete dependence on the Soviets. On the contrary, time after time it has done everything to stress and increase that dependence. Shortly after the Bay of Pigs invasion, Castro took a final and decisive step by openly declaring that his revolution was "socialist." By the end of the year he declared: "I am and always will be a Marxist-Leninist."

Pawn's Gambit

A number of neutral or neutralist nations intervened in the recent crisis. In Havana their ambassadors—and especially the Brazilian ambassador—were extremely active in the most dramatic hours at the end of October. There is, of course, nothing new in this activity of the neutrals. Back in 1960, Nehru had a talk with Castro in New York at the United Nations and tried to point out the dangers to Cuba and to the world of too radical a policy. A year later Castro was invited to attend the Belgrade Conference by Yugoslavia and the other "noncommitted" countries. But there, too, Cuban extremism aroused much disappointment, and the Belgrade Conference had hardly ended before President Osvaldo Dorticós enplaned for Moscow and Peking.

All during the October crisis, one country above all went out of its way in seeking to moderate Castro's behavior and bring him back to a less extreme position. That country was Brazil. Knowing full well that Washington would not appreciate his activity, President Goulart telephoned several times to his ambassador in Cuba and finally sent a personal representative to Cuba. But Castro did not seem much interested in the Brazilian efforts. The Cuban press went so far as to ignore the presence of the envoy the Brazilian president had sent.

Among neutral diplomats here, Khrushchev's letter of October 27 was enthusiastically received. The Castro policy, they felt, was a flight into disaster. He had put himself entirely under Khrushchev's protection, but when the crisis came, Khrushchev had not even treated him politely. The basic premise of Cuban policy was in error: Moscow would not go to war for the sake of saving the Cuban régime. And that, the neutrals argued, is the price of being nothing more than a pawn on the great-power chessboard.

A few Communists did their best to draw a distinction: the Soviet Union would not go to war to defend its bases in Cuba but would certainly in spite of everything keep its promise to defend Cuba in the event of direct American invasion. But in the heat of the moment this subtle interpretation seemed a little specious.

Meanwhile Castro was having some trouble with Cuban public opinion. Although both press and radio are severely controlled, there was no way of preventing the publication of Khrushchev's letter. The Cuban people read the letter and felt that Khrushchev, caught red-handed, was beating a hasty retreat. In the streets I heard variations on a child's song: *"Nikita, lo que se da, no se quita."* ("Nikita, you can't take back what you've given away.") The Cubans' cynicism was understandable in view of the fact that only four days earlier Castro had still been proclaiming: "We will acquire all the arms we want."

Castro was caught completely off balance, and besides worrying about public opinion at home, he had to take into account the Latin-American reactions, which are always touchy when the question of sovereignty arises. He was forced to admit that the missile installations "remain the property of the Soviet government." Indeed, he had to find explanations for many more about-faces.

There was only one thing he could do: place obstacles in the way of the Soviet-American negotiations. To

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this end he published his "Five Points." That is to say, he made his agreement to what was being done over his head conditional on the acceptance of these points, which, as all Cubans knew, concerned the Soviet Union more than the United States. He was asking the Soviet Union to guarantee all his demands, from an end to U.S. economic pressure to withdrawal from Guantánamo. It was to Khrushchev he was speaking when he proposed his definition of what constituted a true guarantee for the Cuban régime. Castro was implicitly accusing Khrushchev of not being a serious character. Actually, Castro must have known that Washington would reject the first four of his points as unacceptable and the last, withdrawal from Guantánamo, as utterly inconceivable.

After the Cuban leader had expressed quite openly in November the "discontent" felt in Havana, the Soviets sent out their ablest negotiator. Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan was supposed to stay in Cuba for a few days; he found that he had to stay there for quite a while longer.

Mikoyan Gets the Treatment

Mikoyan was given a cold and somewhat ambiguous reception, verging almost on insult. On the day of his arrival, it is reported that he was not even able to have a private conversation with the Cuban leader. According to some witnesses, Castro merely told Mikoyan that he must be tired after his trip and that they would have to talk the next day. Three days later, none of the top men of the régime—Castro, his brother Raúl, and Guevara—condescended to make an appearance at a ceremony commemorating Russia's October Revolution that took place in the Havana Municipal Theatre. At the reception given in the Soviet embassy the conversations never rose above the level of polite trivialities enlivened by toasts to friendship.

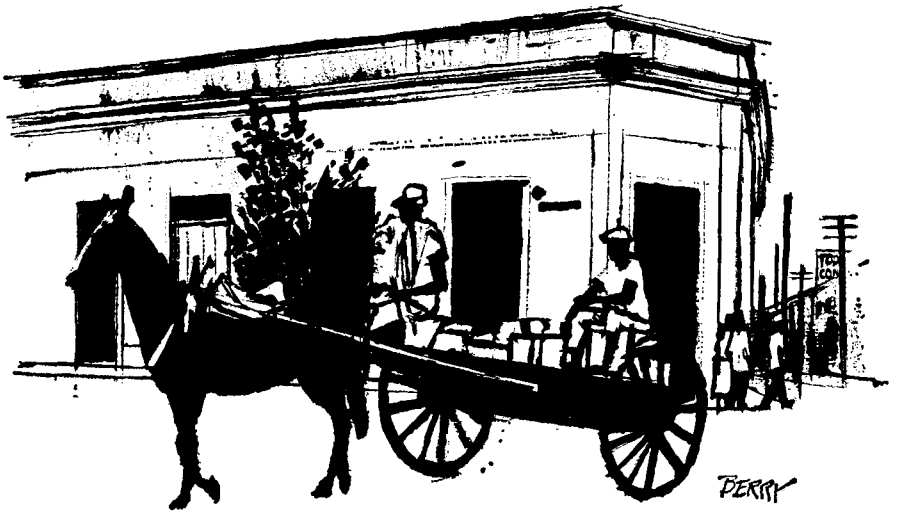
The press and radio boycotted news about Mikoyan. The man who is thought of as second only to Khrushchev was reduced to a sort of a ghost never summoned into existence. It is true that the newspaper *Revolución* reported a conversation between Castro and Mikoyan that took place on a state farm—three columns of harmless remarks about fruit and cows. Only two or three phrases were of any interest. For example, when the Soviet leader admired some thoroughbred bulls, Castro reportedly informed him that they were imports from the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

As always when officialdom is silent, one studies the news photographs: the pictures showed nothing but frowning faces. On television Castro somehow forgot to shake hands with Mikoyan.

Nobody had expected that Mikoyan's task would be an easy one. It was hardly an occasion on which references to Soviet force could be expected to be effective with Castro. From the moment of Mikoyan's arrival, Castro had insisted upon discussions "between government and government." Observers are agreed that he did not seek a break he could not conceivably afford, but that he wanted to give Khrushchev a piece of his mind while maintaining the bonds of their alliance. The impudence of the Cuban leader, this parvenu of Marxism, giving lessons in Communist orthodoxy to a deputy premier of the Soviet Union was surely one of the most fantastic sights in those fantastic days.

Whatever he may have thought of the way he was treated in Havana, Mikoyan's immediate task was to calm Castro down, to get him to accept the idea of international negotiations, and to get him to consent to some formula for inspection. It was also necessary to make him see the light of reason on the subject of his "Five Points," those preliminary conditions that blocked all possible negotiation. To diplomats at the time it seemed that Mikoyan's task was not impossible. But diplomats have the occupational disease of considering that a compromise is always possible.

The basic differences between the Soviets and the Cubans are not susceptible of easy or rapid solution. The fact is that Castro's demand for Soviet support, even to the extent of going to war for him, is out of tune with the formal Soviet doctrine of peaceful coexistence. And there are other difficulties in his way. To mention only one: at the present time the Communist Parties of Latin America do not agree with Castro on revolutionary tactics. In his "Second Declaration of Havana," the Cuban leader argued that the "Cuban way"—guerrilla warfare, violence, and peasant revolution—is the only truly effective method of coming to power. Most South American Communist Parties are not inclined to discard legal methods entirely. It is obvious that within the Communist world Castro's methods are much closer to those of the Chinese than to those of the Russians. The reason lies in the essential nature of Castro's brand of Communism. It may well be that Havana will eventually yield on some points in the present international negotiations and accept some vague formulas. But the conflict of tactics and ideologies that has shown itself in Cuba is not likely to be resolved by diplomatic maneuvers.



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George Cabot Lodge
Robert Morgenthau

Edward M. Kennedy
Nelson Rockefeller

Alexander Wiley
Edmund G. (Pat) Brown

Gaylord Nelson
Richard Nixon

The Little Debates

R. W. APPLE, JR.

A NEW RITUAL, it is now clear, was added to the ceremony of American politics by the Presidential election of 1960. Of course Mr. Kennedy may not choose to observe the tradition two years from now, but even he will not be able to ignore it. For a study of the mid-term campaign demonstrates beyond a doubt that face-to-face (or at least image-to-image) television argument between candidates is here to stay.

Across the country this fall, there were hundreds of debates, and most of them were on television. Eddie McCormack and Teddy Kennedy got the most publicity, but George Romney and John Swainson met four times in Michigan, Richardson Dilworth and William Scranton twice in Pennsylvania. On the Congressional level, there was action from Connecticut to Alaska, where Ralph Rivers and Lowell Thomas, Jr., exchanged heated words on the matter of Soviet trawlers operating in U.S. waters. WCBS-TV in New York staged a series of seven debates—of the most productive kind, in which the principals themselves rather than journalists or typical housewives asked the follow-up questions—between New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut candidates for the House.

In California, the candidates for Superintendent of Public Instruction, Ralph Richardson and Max Rafferty, debated forty-seven times. The new technique was even exported to Canada, where Premier Jean Lesage, a Liberal, debated Daniel Johnson of the National Union Party in the climax of the Quebec provincial election.

Mr. Kennedy's success in 1960 seemed to suggest the axiom that the challenger or underdog stands to gain most from television debates. There is more to it than that, though. Older politicians, in and out of office, must be aware that the vigor of younger opponents is likely to be magnified on television. Then, too, politicians have never liked to give their adversaries publicity; hence the ancient ritual of referring to one's opponent only as "my opponent." And incumbents have always been reluctant to expose their voting records to direct attack; often the one advantage a challenger has is that his past attitudes are not so easily found out.

ALL these elements were at work this fall, and a remarkably large number of candidates refused to debate. When the venerable Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona was challenged, he replied with a smile: "I never acknowledge that an opponent even exists." Democrat Sidney

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Yates wanted to debate Everett McKinley Dirksen; the orotund minority leader refused, and when a reporter ingenuously asked why, Dirksen replied: "Why should I?" Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin invited Gaylord Nelson to "make his own publicity." (He did so, and won.) Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa dismissed his opponent's challenge as a publicity stunt. And James B. Utt, the incumbent who was comfortably ahead in California's 35th Congressional District, told his challenger to "paddle his own canoe."

Where the incumbent was in trouble or thought he might be falling behind, he was sometimes eager to debate. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania futilely challenged James Van Zandt, even though Van Zandt was far less well known. One of Clark's people supplied the rationale: "We would rather have Van Zandt known as the man seen on TV with Clark than as a man appearing alone and making charges against Clark." Similar pressures obtained in the Rolvaag-Andersen campaign in Minnesota, the Egan-Stepovich campaign in Alaska, and the Bennett-King campaign in Utah.

Struggling along on four or five hours of sleep a night, often limited in organizational and economic resources, many of the underdogs saw the television debate as a quick, inexpensive short cut to public attention and, just possibly, to victory. But since free air time was provided only when both candidates appeared, it was a short cut available only if one's opponent would cooperate, and many of the front runners would not. Several candidates, thus frustrated, tried to capitalize on their opponents' reluctance. John Marshall Briley, running against the invincible Frank Lausche in Ohio, concocted on video tape a sort of editing-room debate, with his own arguments spliced between statements of Lausche's. (Two Ohio stations refused the tapes, on the ground that they could not be broadcast without the senator's permission, and the FCC declared itself unable to resolve the issue.) In Massachusetts, Teddy Kennedy, who had done so well against Eddie McCormack before the primary, would not debate his two opponents in the general election, George Cabot Lodge and H. Stuart Hughes. So they put on an "empty-lectern" debate, arguing with each other while glancing pointedly at the place reserved for Kennedy.

Whether debates took place or not, they were talked about in almost every state, and the discussion had its own importance. So determined were some candidates to confront their opponents that whole campaigns degenerated into debates about debates. For the first time, a man's willingness or unwillingness to debate became an issue in itself. It may not have been as important as Cuba, but in many cases it obscured the very topics the challenger wanted to debate—medicare or taxes or highway scandals. In a country not known for the pertinence of its political dialogue, this was a new low; instead of a discussion of issues, the public got a discussion of how it was to get the discussion of issues.

There were days in New York when newspaper accounts of the to-debate-or-not-to-debate wrangling between Rockefeller and Robert Morgenthau occupied more space than reports of the candidates' speeches. Morgenthau had been advised by Louis Harris, the pollster who helped get him the nomination, that Rockefeller's reluctance to debate was his best issue, and he kept at it with prep-school earnestness all through the campaign. The Citizens Committee for Morgenthau took little ads to ask, "How come Rockefeller refuses to debate with Morgenthau, the Democratic candidate for governor?" (Apparently Morgenthau's advisers felt that his name, unlike that of Rockefeller, needed further identification.) Morgenthau included in most of his speeches an assertion that Rockefeller was afraid of him. The governor, charitably refusing to join in the laughter that followed, either said nothing or blandly expressed his willingness to debate "when he has said what his program is."

Finally, on the Sunday before election, they both went into a television studio for what was advertised as a "joint appearance." The result was an argument, or rather a series of arguments, about who was telling the truth, with each man impugning the motives and the statistics of the other. The confrontation produced very little meaningful information—many viewers interviewed later said they had been so confused by the statistics that they didn't know who had won—but it was more interesting than listening to Morgenthau hurl challenges into the wind.

The Extra Chair

The day after the election, reflecting on the governor's reduced plurality compared with 1958, some of the Rockefeller advisers concluded that more debates might have helped. Not so the mentors of Pat Brown in California. He and Richard Nixon had spent two months squabbling over formats, a useful means of appearing to want debates when in fact you do not, and had finally broken off the negotiations with mutual charges of bad faith. Here, too, there was one "joint appearance"—at a UPI convention in San Francisco, where Nixon showed an agility he had lacked in 1960. When he was asked about the Hughes Tool loan to his brother, he sidestepped the question itself and challenged Brown to stand up and "charge me with misconduct." The former Vice-President's footwork was too fast for Brown; trying to answer a question on aid to unfortunates, he succeeded only in expressing his sympathy for "mothers deserted by their fathers." It wasn't Pat Brown's kind of ball game, and he debated no more.

In Pennsylvania, Richardson Dilworth tried mightily before and during the second of his two meetings with Scranton to rattle his opponent, but he got so stirred up himself that it did little good. Scranton had said he would not appear at a second debate, so Dilworth —after an advertising campaign that jeered at Scranton's attitude—had an extra chair put on stage as a prop. Thirty seconds before air time—for which Dilworth, incidentally, was paying—Scranton walked in and sat down. (Van Zandt had done the same thing to Senator Clark a few days earlier.) The thirty-minute debate was full of taunts and insinuations, and only Scranton's aloofness kept it from turning into a shouting session. When it ended, the two men went into a hallway, and there, in full view of a group of reporters, dropped all pretense of civility. Standing toe to toe, each with a fin-

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ger thrust forward, they reviled each other—Dilworth shouting, "You're nothing but a phony!" and Scranton repeatedly threatening to sue for slander.

The slickest display of forensic tactics was given by the President's youngest brother in the first and probably the most influential of the fall's major debates. McCormack spent the evening ridiculing Kennedy's lack of experience, ending with a peroration blunt even for South Boston: "If his name was Edward Moore, his candidacy would be a joke . . ." Young Kennedy played the Brahmin. Employing a kind of Jack Paar gesture to discourage applause, which had been forbidden by the moderator, he gracefully declined an opportunity to attack McCormack's record as attorney general. And finally, when he was given an opportunity to make an extra statement because many of his answers had been so brief, he said he had agreed to the ground rules in advance and that he was satisfied. This piece of gamesmanship drew a great burst of applause from an audience presumed to be pro-McCormack; no one asked whether Teddy might have run out of things to say. When it was all over, Kennedy had convinced people that *he* was the underdog, which was quite a trick. By the time of the second debate, McCormack knew better, but it didn't matter any more.

Screen Test

Debates, even quasi debates, are supposed to produce winners and losers, but short of putting the question on the ballot as a separate referendum, there is no sure way of evaluating their effect. But of one thing we may be fairly sure: by itself a debate seldom changes the course of a campaign, if only because people are inclined to find more persuasive the arguments of the man they already support. Nevertheless, debates often crystallize amorphous feelings that predated them. The obvious examples are Nixon-Kennedy and Kennedy-McCormack. There was an even better illustration this year in Iowa, where many voters resented Governor Norman Erbe's reluctance to take a firm stand on whether liquor should be sold by the drink in restaurants; his refusal to debate gave his ultimately successful opponent, Harold Hughes, a handy means of bringing this resentment to a head. And yet we must bear in mind the fact that James Rhodes's refusal to debate in Ohio this year provoked Governor DiSalle into a fit of vituperation that certainly reduced his chances of winning.

In most cases, there is no reason to suppose that a debate is any more decisive than newspaper support or the size of the crowds at the airport. Nixon beat Brown in their debate, but lost the election. Nor is there any evidence that the decision to debate or not is any more than one factor among many. Dirksen refused to debate and won, Wiley refused to debate and lost. Ribicoff debated and won, Swainson debated and lost.

It would be reassuring to report that the debates of 1962 helped to educate the public. But they did not. Many lasted only half an hour; others were held under impossible ground rules. They produced far more intensity than intelligence, and they kept the focus of American politics where it has been for thirty years—on personality rather than issues. It would be reassuring also to report that there is still a place in big-time politics for the thoughtful but untelegenic candidate. But if there is, it is fast disappearing. Before long every prospective candidate will probably have to take a screen test, as John Alsop of Connecticut did this fall. In his case it didn't help.

The Negro's Place At Labor's Table

TOM BROOKS

When George Meany in a moment of anger during the 1959 San Francisco AFL-CIO convention asked A. Philip Randolph, "Who the hell nominated you the guardian of all the Negroes in America?," a group of Negro unionists answered the AFL-CIO president by forming the Negro American Labor Council. Reflecting a growing discontent over discrimination within the labor movement, the NALC soon reached a peak membership of more than 10,000 Negro unionists. Randolph, the only Negro on the AFL-CIO executive council and president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was elected their spokesman. The AFL-CIO fluctuated between passive acceptance of the new organization and open opposition. Relations worsened, reaching a nadir in October, 1961, when the AFL-CIO executive council censured Randolph for causing "the gap that has developed between organized labor and the Negro community." Meany and Randolph, it was reported, were no longer on speaking terms.

Yet scarcely a year later, Randolph and Meany were hard at work at a rapprochement. Meany accepted an invitation to speak at the NALC's third convention, held in New York City over the November 9-11 weekend. "Frankly," declared Meany at the convention banquet, "at the time [of NALC's formation] I did not think it was necessary. But I respect your motives and share your objectives." Meany also urged the NALC to cooperate with the AFL-CIO in fighting against discrimination within and without labor's ranks.

Meany's presence was tantamount to official recognition of the NALC by the AFL-CIO, a move that Randolph clearly hoped would revive the Negro labor group, rent by internal squabbling of its own and reduced to a membership of about 4,500. Randolph once told me he is convinced that AFL-CIO opposition was an important factor in the NALC's failure to grow at a time when all other Negro civil-rights organizations were flourishing.

Publicly, Randolph declared, "We are going to maintain our alliance with organized labor. It would be folly to break this alliance." To head off such a break, Randolph cracked

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down on the New York City NALC chapter for suggesting just before the NALC convention that Negro and Puerto Rican International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union members testify before the House Labor Committee investigation of race bias in that union. "It is not the function of the NALC," Randolph noted in his keynote address to the convention, "to become the ally of any Congressional committee of politicians to help train its guns of investigaton through harassment and persecution against the ILGWU, the union of our fellow workers, brothers and sisters." The Meany-Randolph rapprochement could not conceal the fact that relations between organized labor and the Negro community have been deteriorating steadily. This explains the belated recognition of the NALC by the AFL-CIO leader. The federation can ill afford to snub the NALC. As Negroes become increasingly hard pressed on the job front—there are two Negro workers out of work for every one white unemployed worker—Negro bitterness toward the unions has intensified. The breach between the AFL-CIO and the NAACP is symptomatic in the context. Things are so bad that an NAACP chapter in New Haven, Connecticut, refused to counsel Negroes against engaging in strikebreaking in a recent Machinists Union strike.

THE FULL FORCE of AFL-CIO displeasure has been directed against Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP. Angered by Hill's public accusation of bias in the ILGWU and his efforts to get the National Labor Relations Board to decertify two unions charged with discrimination, Meany told the NAACP that unless Hill mends his ways, the federation will not co-operate with the association. After the first of the decertification suits was dismissed last month by the NLRB and David Dubinsky had appeared before a Congressional committee to deny the existence of bias in the ILGWU, the dispute grew hotter. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins of the NAACP supported Hill and said, "The record of various individual labor unions ranges from good to bad. But a Negro needs not only the law but a crowbar to get into Meany's union—the Plumbers."

Dismayed at the clear prospect of an open break in the Negro-labor civil-rights alliance, Randolph at the NALC convention faced the difficult job of keeping the NALC in the middle. The seventy-two-year-old Negro labor leader managed with considerable skill to bless Hill and not affront Meany, who chose the NALC banquet for a blunt attack on Hill's truthfulness and the NAACP's decertification policy. "What contribution," asked Meany, "is made to the cause of equal opportunity by spreading outright falsehoods, by attempting to smear a union [the ILGWU] whose civil-rights record is unsurpassed?" And, "I say to you, as

union members—and I say to the NAACP with which we worked for so long—where discrimination exists in a union, the first place to seek a remedy is within the labor movement. And the remedy is to reform a union, not its destruction."

United Auto Workers President Walter P. Reuther, who also addressed the NALC delegates, closed ranks with Meany on this point. Reuther forbore mentioning Hill by name, but he said that "unfair, unfounded, indiscriminate attacks would help no one."

The Meany-Reuther effort to isolate Hill did not make Randolph's convention task any easier. "What right has he [Meany] got to come here and talk like that?" more than one NALC delegate complained privately. "This is a no-holds-barred struggle!" an irate delegate shouted during a debate on decertification. "I don't hold the old radical feeling about calling the cops against our guys," said another.

Even a Little Is Too Much

Nonetheless, by invoking the respect due his historic position as leader of Negro labor, Randolph was able to keep the discontent of NALC militants from breaking out on the convention floor. They were partially appeased by a resolution strongly backing the labor program of the NAACP that concluded, "This Convention views any attacks on the NAACP as ultimately attacks on all of us who support the NAACP's program."

The militants waged a vigorous floor fight to include an endorsement of the NAACP's decertification policy in the resolution. But in the end, they withdrew their amendment to avoid a vote (Randolph had the votes). Randolph, who did not participate in the debate, later declared: "I am glad we had the wisdom to reject the doctrine of decertification of unions. . . . When you decertify a union, brother, you are at the mercy of your employer." The convention also endorsed a broad program for community action, for recruiting new members and for waging a war against discrimination within the labor movement. And a few days later in the White House, Meany and labor leaders whose unions include ninety per cent of the AFL-CIO membership signed pledges sponsored by the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity "to eliminate discrimination . . . and unfair practices wherever they exist."

RANDOLPH clearly retained control of the NALC and managed to steer it around some unsettling controversy. He put his prestige on the line to sustain at least the appearance of labor unity; whether such a position can be maintained with the Negro community seems doubtful. Obviously much depends on the AFL-CIO living up to the pledges that were made at the White House. As Meany said earlier, "Even a little discrimination in the labor movement is too much. It makes a mockery of our principles and it must be wiped out."

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Whitsunday in Kirchstetten

(For H. A. Reinhold)

Grace dances. I would pipe. Dance ye all.

Komm Schopfer Geist I bellow as Herr Bayer
picks up our slim offerings and Pfarrer Lustkandl
quietly gets on with the Sacrifice
as Rome does it: outside, car-worshippers enact
the ritual exodus from Vienna
their successful cult demands (though reckoning time
by the Jewish week and the Christian year
like their pedestrian fathers). When Mass is over,
although obedient to Canterbury,
I shall be well gruss-gotted, asked to contribute
to *Caritas,* though a metic come home
to lunch on my own land: of course, if the Allies had not
conquered the Ost-Mark, if the dollar fell,
the *Gemütlichkeit* would be less, but when was peace
or its concomitant smile the worse
for being undeserved?
In the onion-tower overhead
bells clash at the Elevation, calling
on Austria to change: whether the world has improved
is doubtful, but we believe it could
and the Divine Tiberius didn't. Rejoice, the bells
cry to me. Blake's Old Nobodaddy
in his astronomic telescopic heaven,
the Big White Christian upstairs is dead,
and won't come hazing us no more, nor bless our bombs:
no more need sons of the menalty,
divining their future from plum-stones, count aloud
Army, Navy, Law, Church, nor a Prince
say who is *papabile.* (The Ape of the Living God
knows how to stage a funeral, though,
as penitents like it: Babel, like Sodom, still
has plenty to offer, though of course it draws

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a better sort of crowd.) Rejoice: we who were born
congenitally deaf are able
to listen now to rank outsiders. The Holy Ghost
does not abhor a golfer's jargon,
a Lower Austrian accent, the cadences even
of my own little anglo-american
musico-literary set (though difficult,
saints at least may think in algebra
without sin): but no sacred nonsense can stand Him.
Our magic syllables melt away,
our tribal formulae are laid bare: since this morning
it is with a vocabulary
made wholesomely profane, open in lexicons
to our foes to translate, that we endeavor
each in his idiom to express the true *magnalia*
which need no hallowing from us, loaning terms,
exchanging graves and legends (maybe, when just now
Kirchstetten prayed for the dead, only I
remembered Franz Josef the Unfortunate, who danced
once in eighty-six years and never
used the telephone).
An altar-bell makes a noise
as the Body of the Second Adam
is shown to some of his torturers, forcing them
to visualize absent enemies
with the same right to grow hybrid corn and be wicked
as an Abendlander. As crows fly,
ninety kilometers from here our habits end,
where mine-field and watch-tower say NO EXIT
from peace-loving Crimtartary, except for crows
and agents of peace: from Loipersbach
to the Behring Sea not a living stockbroker,
and church attendance is frowned upon
like visiting brothels (but the chess and physics
are still the same). We shall bury you
and dance at the wake, say her chiefs: that, says Reason,
is unlikely. But to most people
I'm the wrong color: it could be the looters' turn
for latrine-duty and the flogging-block
my kin who trousered Africa, carried our smell
to germless poles.
Down a gothic nave
comes our Pfarrer now, blessing the West with water:
we may go. There is no Queen's English
in any context for *Geist* or *Esprit;* about
catastrophe or how to behave in one
I know nothing, except what everyone knows—
if there when Grace dances, I should dance.

—W. H. AUDEN

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Sails Ho!

JAY JACOBS

HERETICAL as it may sound to Melville buffs, the play *Billy Budd* by Robert Chapman and Louis O. Coxe struck me, the first time I read it and when I subsequently saw it on television, as a decided improvement on the master's novella. Melville was not only our greatest novelist but frequently our most garrulous. His locutions were florid, his allusions distracting, and his disregard for brevity Olympian. And however well his inflated style may have accorded with enterprises as huge as *Moby Dick,* it was ill suited to a parable essentially as stark and taut as *Billy Budd.* In getting directly to the substance of Melville's broodings on what they termed "good, evil, and the way the world takes such absolutes," Messrs. Chapman and Coxe preserved, it seemed to me, all the strength of the original work while eliminating most of its weaknesses. I thought then—and still do—that their play was one of the finest this country has produced, and hoped that one day a responsible film-maker might try it as a motion picture.

Peter Ustinov *is* a responsible film-maker and *has* made a motion picture of *Billy Budd;* and, while I hasten to add that it's a far better picture than most, it isn't quite the picture it might have been. Mr. Ustinov, who produced, directed, "supervised," partly wrote, and acted in the film, obviously went about his varied assignments with the very best of intentions. Unfortunately, his screenplay derives from both the Melville and Chapman-Coxe texts, and incorporates a few ideas that occurred to neither the novelist nor his original adapters. The result is that we are now almost right back where we started, before the dramatists divested the novella of its irrelevancies. Stirring as it may be in itself, a lot of tarry scene-setting at the outset in no way expedites the confrontation of natural goodness (Budd) with natural depravity (Claggart, the master-at-arms); a confrontation, producing an "antipathy spontaneous and profound," that was the sum of Melville's story and the substance of the Chapman-Coxe play. (As you may remember, Billy Budd, the "handsome sailor" whose only defect is an inability to speak in moments of emotional stress, answers Claggart's baseless accusation of mutiny with a blow that kills the master-at-arms, whereupon a court-martial, though recognizing the injustice of its findings, condemns him to death.) Once that confrontation between good and evil is accomplished, "the way the world takes such absolutes" is all that remains to be shown, and it is at this point that the pivotal character becomes—or should become—the ship's master, Edward Vere. Regrettably, Mr. Ustinov's Vere fails to capture the anguish of a good man bound in conscience to work evil upon innocence in the service of forces beyond his control. "The way the world takes such absolutes" turns out to be cut and dried and coolly legalistic; and it is on Budd's neck instead of Vere's anguish—the anguish of us all—that our sorrowful attention is focused. Even this focus, such as it is, doesn't last long, but dissolves into a lot of anticlimactic nonsense in which a conveniently discovered French vessel and a sanctimonious off-screen voice both try to convince us that Budd has not died in vain.

The chief weakness of the film, though, lies in a halfhearted attempt to analyze and motivate Claggart, who requires no motivation whatsoever, and "in whom [as Melville wrote] was the mania of an evil nature . . . born with him and innate, in short, a 'depravity according to nature.'" In the film, Claggart—as played by the eminent sado-masochist Robert Ryan—is given to hinting vaguely about an unhappy childhood, or some other psychic disturbance in his past, that may not justify but may at least account for his monstrous behavior toward those in his charge.

In a postscript to their dramatization of *Billy Budd,* Chapman and Coxe were at pains to point out that "To find the stuff of dramatic morality pure is no easy task, since, however hard one may try, Freud will turn up and all one's efforts will post off to the clinic and the analyst's couch to work out a modern salvation. Thus a critic can say of our play that such a phenomenon as Claggart could never appear in our world with all we know of the psyche and the ego." Still, in a morality play like *Billy Budd,* such a phenomenon is symbolically true, however implausible he may be as a human being. In choosing verisimilitude at the expense of symbolic truth, Mr. Ustinov and his associates have reduced what might have been a superb film to one that is merely much better than most.

IF ANY IDEAS on good, evil, or anything else are voiced in the attenuated course of *Mutiny on the Bounty,* I missed them in the general uproar that a decibel-happy composer named Bronislau Kaper has provided as a musical background for the film. This latest account of William Bligh's unhappy expedition to the South Seas is endless, deafening, gaudy, vulgar, light-years beyond belief, and (I blush to admit) thoroughly diverting. Both fact *and* fiction take a proper mauling here; but since the result—if not the intention—is entertainment pure and simple-minded, I would, like Captain Bligh himself, be overzealous in the performance of my duties were I to bewail the distortion of either the Nordhoff and Hall novel on which the film allegedly is based or the historical incidents that inspired the novel.

Do you belong to a generation that thrilled to the cotton-candy illustrations of N. C. Wyeth? Or to one that unashamedly could hiss the villain of a stock-company melodrama? If so, SEE the *Bounty* of Tahiti, under a skyful of Howard Johnson ice cream! SEE Trevor Howard snarl and glower as Captain Bligh! No matter what generation you belong to, SEE thousands of naked (well, half-naked) island beauties shake and shimmy to the choreography of Hamil Petroff! SEE spectacular naval action, as the *Bounty* tumbles like an old shoe in an automatic washer, during a storm off Cape Horn! SEE even more spectacular navel action, as those island beauties continue to shake and shimmy! And, if you don't

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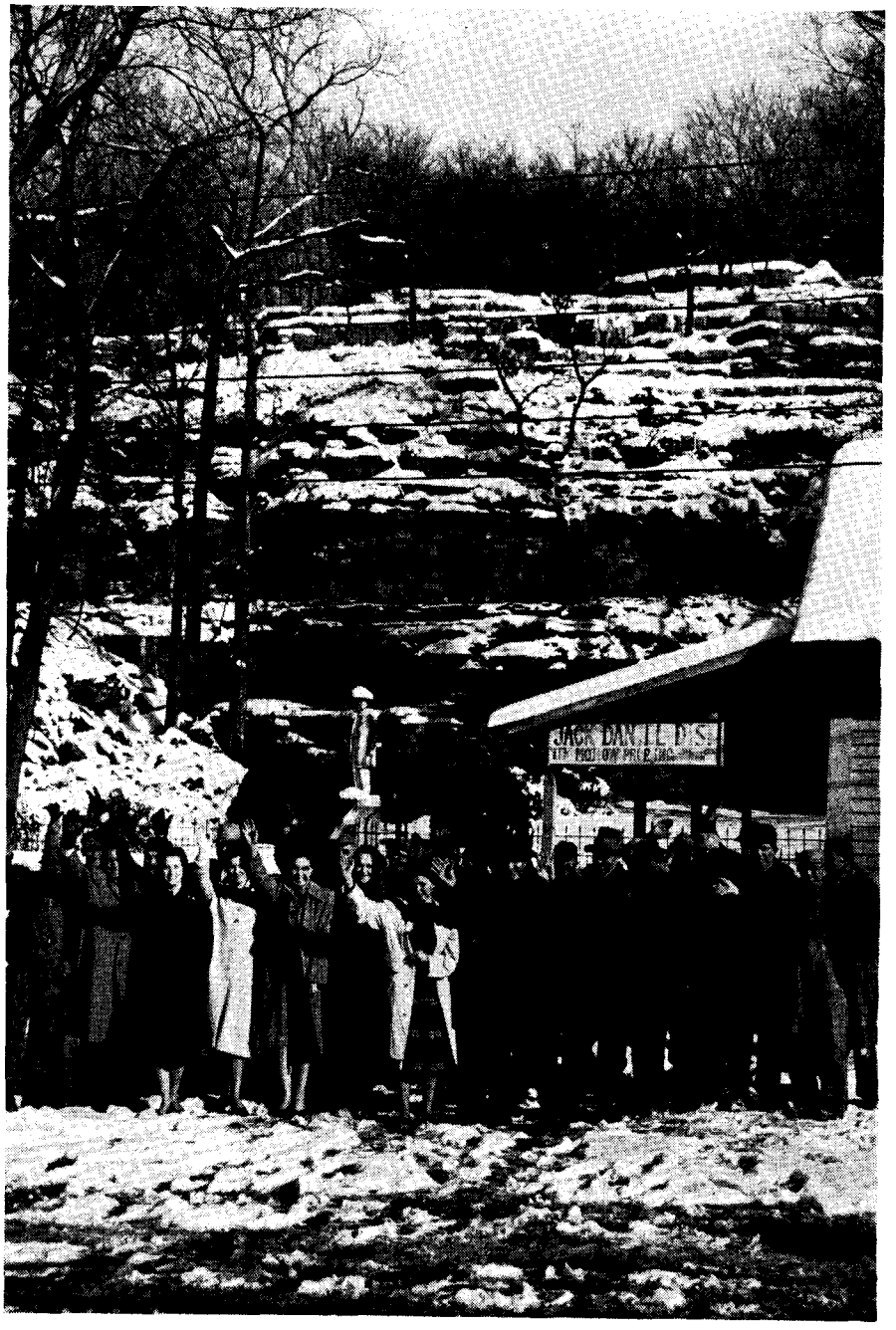
see anything else, SEE Marlon Brando (complete with British accent) in glorious Technicolor, Ultra Panavision 70, monumental cockalorum, and splendiferous finery, as Fletcher Christian, an exquisite beside whom such other peacocks as Beau Nash and Louis XIV would have seemed as drab as a pair of White Plains commuters.

Whatever he may have been trying to do, Lewis Milestone, the director, has made something very close to a musical comedy of the film, and not a bad one at that. In one of his more deliberately funny scenes, Mr. Brando is ordered ashore to seduce a chieftain's daughter in the interests of Anglo-Tahitian diplomacy. With the Union Jack flying at its stern, his launch sets off on its momentous mission, while Mr. Brando stands stiffly at attention and an ear-splitting rendition of "Rule Britannia" explodes over the Pacific like a test bomb at Eniwetok. Just a few more moments of this sort would have made *Mutiny on the Bounty* the hottest surprise of its kind since *Little Mary Sunshine* opened.

IF you must go down to the seas yet again, I can think of no pleasanter way of setting about it than to see *Damn the Defiant!* The crew here is still another mutinous lot (has the tired businessman been supplanted by the restive organization man in the affections of our filmmakers?); their man-o'-war, like Billy Budd's, is on its way to engage the French in the year of the uprisings at Spithead and the Nore; and if the story is no more plausible than "The Jumblies," no matter. The film's distinction lies in its authenticity of detail and visual splendor. There are some fine Hogarthian scenes ashore, in which a press gang combs the fiddler's green for a reluctant crew; an absolutely inspired moment when a cargo net full of squealing whores is exchanged for another packed with squealing pigs; and a rousing climax is provided by a fog-shrouded sea fight that would have delighted the eye of J. M. W. Turner and justifies the development of the wide screen. Sir Alec Guinness, in a frowsy wig and well-starched upper lip, is in command here, at least when his authority is not being superseded by the mutineers.



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Gabble and Rush

JOHN ROSSELLI

After talking about it off and on for more than seventy years, the British still are not sure whether their National Theatre can be ready in time for the fourth centenary of Shakespeare's birth on April 23, 1964. But the government and the London County Council between them have put up the $6,440,000 needed; two committees, studded with enough lordships to make up a Shakespearean cast, are preparing to build and run the theatre; and Sir Laurence Olivier is to be the first director.

Of the two companies that were originally supposed to join forces in the National Theatre, the Royal Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon can look back on many brilliant productions, but only in the past couple of years has it started building up a permanent company. Ironically, it had barely set up for the first time a London outpost at the Aldwych Theatre—whose *Troilus and Cressida,* already seen at Stratford and Edinburgh, has been acclaimed as one of the finest Shakespearean productions in recent years—when it decided, for reasons that are still obscure, to pull out of the National Theatre project.

The other company, the Old Vic, has (as some American theatregoers have discovered) gone through a period of doldrums, relieved by some good work in non-Shakespearean plays like *Ghosts* and Schiller's *Mary Stuart.* Under a new hard-driving director, Michael Elliott, it may achieve the strength and cohesion it will need as the nucleus of the National Theatre. And London playgoers have had a chance this fall to see the company at its best in *Peer Gynt,* a rough but vigorous stab at an elusive target.

Unhappily, the Old Vic's new vigor has not entirely reassured those who witnessed the near-disaster of Olivier's three productions at the first Chichester Festival, held this summer in a brand-new theatre sixty miles south of London and widely taken as a rehearsal for Sir Laurence's coming work at the National Theatre. The Chichester theatre, a mushroom shape on the outskirts of a small cathedral town, aroused much interest as the nearest thing in Britain to the neo-Elizabethan playhouse that Tyrone Guthrie brought into being at Stratford, Ontario. This was no accident: Guthrie's work was a strong influence. The smart audiences that descended on Chichester found themselves sitting fanned out around three sides of a large platform stage. Their almost unanimous complaint was that a lot of the time they could neither see nor hear properly.

Chichester's one success, *Uncle Vanya,* suggested mostly that if you put on Chekhov with a star cast (Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright, Sybil Thorndike) something remarkable is bound to come through. *The Chances,* a Beaumont and Fletcher comedy reworked in the Restoration period, was just a mediocre play. John Ford's *The Broken Heart* provided the fairest test—a stately, melancholy work of the post-Shakespearean decadence, unknown to the public at large but admired by students for the strange plangency of its verse. Unfortunately, the Chichester test made it seem an incomprehensible bore. So as to give everyone a chance to see the actors, Olivier made them scamper about almost as fast as if they had been playing *Charley's Aunt* rather than a work whose atmosphere should recall a court portrait by Van Dyck. Along the way most of them, Olivier included, rushed through their lines: a lot of the time the audience just did not know what they were talking about. The climax of absurdity came when the heroine (the beautiful, clear-spoken Rosemary Harris), dying of heartbreak and inanition, announced that she "must leave the world to revel in Elysium"—and all the while kept scurrying about with the energy of a physical-education teacher.

Gabble and rush also affected *Peer Gynt,* the Old Vic's first venture under the new régime. One reason

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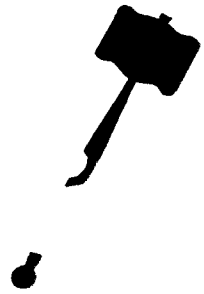

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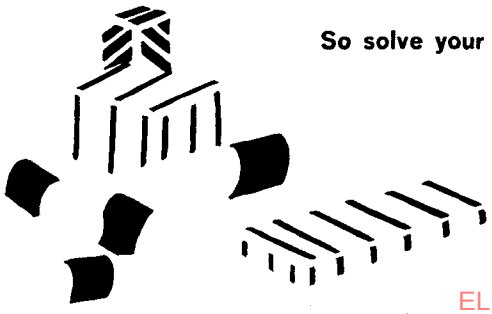

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 67

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 184 214 96 136 112 36 154 54 18 "When bad men combine, the good must ____." Burke, "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents."

B. 42 138 76 200 150 "Shall they ____me up And show me to the shouting varletry Of censuring Rome?" Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra."

C. 50 32 122 108 160 10 182 74 220 "Out went the taper as she hurried in; Its little smoke, in pallid ____, died." Keats, "The Eve of Saint Agnes."

D. 60 66 72 20 166 194 44 94 34 4 102 46 134 26 A football play (3–6,5).

E. 100 170 204 12 52 176 Perform an act with reference to a person or thing (2,2,2).

F. 15 142 152 38 222 190 28 211 84 An associate and rival of the Acrostician.

G. 6 202 62 188 168 224 88 Freest from irregularities.

H. 208 68 22 198 30 2 132 114 A name borne by at least two submarines in the U.S. Navy.

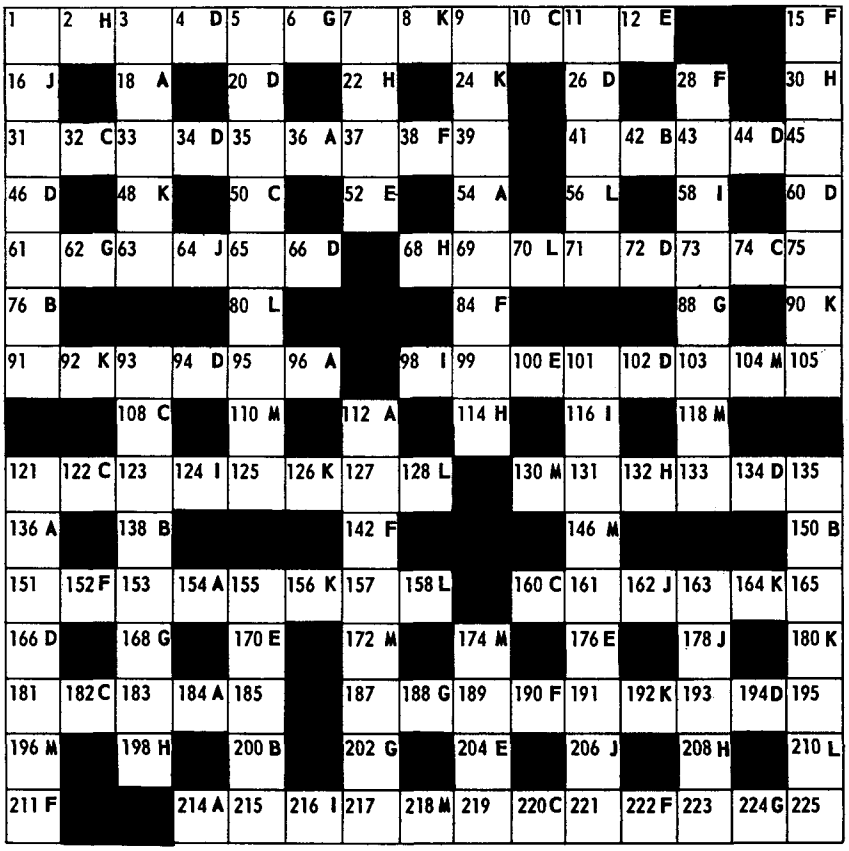
I. 58 216 98 124 116 "____ face and grubby 'and—Law! Wot do they understand?" Kipling, "Mandalay."

J. 178 16 206 162 64 On whom some bystanders believed Jesus cried from the Cross.

K. 8 126 92 90 24 192 164 48 156 180 One of the kinds of law referred to by Aquinas in the "Summa Theologica" (Latin) (3,7).

L. 158 56 70 80 210 128 "A pretty sort of prison I have come to, In which a self-respecting lady's cell Is treated as a_____." Beerbohm, "Savonarola Brown."

M. 130 218 146 104 110 172 118 196 174 "I raised thee up under the ____: there thy mother brought thee forth..." Song of Solomon.



Across

1. With 98, a conclusion of satisfaction, according to Shakespeare (4,4,4,4,4).
31. Will a god kiss or form those who appeal to insurance men? (4,5).
36. He is in spirit and gets a discharge.
61. Sane or not, it's thought.
68. A baker's product, a copper, and an emmet are plentiful.
91. Hewings seem to be questionings, I hear, almost.
98. See 1 across.
121. Find a colleague in a Corn-Free State.
130. As about one of mine, it entertains.
151. Clan Arun is not fleshly.
160. A partaker who was a secret of Conrad's.
181. Is wrongdoing first-rate in this peninsula?
187. Necessity's offspring is not in vein.
214. A race after part of the church?

Down

1. Homeland of the Acrostician.
3. Lewisite girl is real? Oh, yes, indeed!
5. Put a fellow arm on German leaders? Yes, they hold these militarists.
7. A deadly kind of 174.
9. B. Russell's goals are not found in TNT bases (4,4).
11. You'll find no rap way downstage.
15. A monetary system which gives economic advice, it's said.
28. Dears hold bats and become arguers.
93. A penny after lodging and love? It's blameless.
101. Is my pinch so musical?
112. How do you rate vice? Productive?
121. Red couscous flowed rapidly.
135. Do you find anger with the little saint? It's very queer.
155. Riot? Riot.
163. A Spanish queen is in Navarre in a state gown.
174. This sin is found in deviltry and high living.

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was that Leo McKern had apparently decided to speak and move at high speed so as to suggest the young daredevil Peer of the play's first half. A squat, rubbery actor of great experience and fluency, McKern is one of London's most forceful character players, but the one thing he lacks is just what a prankish Everyman like Peer Gynt needs—a quality of natural attractiveness and high spirits.

Another source of clatter was the permanent set. This did not, like the Chichester stage, compel the actors to rotate from side to side, but it did make them tumble up and down platforms, ramps, steps, and stairwells vanishing beneath the stage. Such hazards, though, are nothing new at the Old Vic.

What is quite new is Michael Elliott's combination of assets—great energy in directing actors (which sometimes goes too far and makes them shout) and reliance on an extremely talented set designer, Richard Negri. Negri's specialty, at which he is unequaled in England, is back projection—sets colored and lit on the lantern-slide principle. The two culminating points of Elliott and Negri's work are the scene in the Troll King's cavern, like an outbreak of writhing fever in a conclave of prehistoric worms, and the aged Peer's wanderings through what seems an infinite wasteland of broken trees.

THIS elaborate staging was impressive, but not so impressive as the simplicity of the Royal Shakespeare's *Troilus*. Peter Hall's production avoided the mesas and canyons of runaway stage architecture and instead set the play in a large, shallow, octagonal sandpit, tilted and slightly thrust out at the audience. The sandpit sounds pretentious; in practice it worked as a complete yet unobtrusive symbol, both for the treacherous terrain on which all wars (Trojan or other) have to be fought and for the play's theme of universal human inconstancy.

The Royal Shakespeare's withdrawal from the National Theatre is a heavy blow, and although the revived Old Vic does seem to give some ground for optimism, the style established by Olivier at Chichester certainly does not.

RECORD NOTES

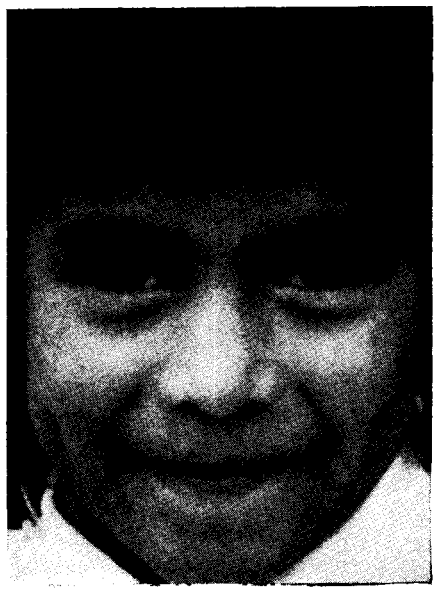
FREEDOM IN THE AIR: A DOCUMENTARY ON ALBANY, GEORGIA. (*Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee,* SNCC-101, *$4.* 135 Auburn Avenue, N.E., Atlanta 3, Georgia.)

There have been several records documenting the prideful awakening of Southern Negroes as they are converted to nonviolent, direct mass action. None so far is anywhere near as powerful and exhilarating as this album of the events in Albany, Georgia, during the past two years. Produced by the folk experts Alan Lomax and Guy Caravan, the recording focuses on the insistent courage of the initial students who would not be moved and who gradually drew more and more older Negroes into disregard for danger. As one member of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee said, "It took a long time for us to unenslave their minds." For an obbligato to the soft, stubborn voices of the student activists and the local Negro leaders, there are blazing, chanting sermons and sweeping gospel tunes as well as sharply turned adaptations of pop material to the revolution at hand. With uncommon skill, Lomax and Caravan have flowingly juxtaposed first-person accounts of the pressure points in and out of the Albany jails with the music and the preaching.

Besides their irreversible challenge to the white power structure, the leaders of the Albany movement also note with gratification the change that has taken place within the Negro community itself: "Doctors and lawyers and teachers and domestics walked together to jail and got to know each other in the cells . . . We come back to the community and it's not the same any more. You feel people talking together—people you'd never think would speak to this person or that person."

REVIVAL IN BRITAIN, VOLUME I: EDITED BY EWAN MACCOLL. (*Folkways* FW 8728, *$5.95.*)

During the past ten years, the folk renaissance in American colleges, coffeehouses, and record companies has been paralleled in Britain. A growing preoccupation of the urban



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bards, most of them anti-Establishment, has been the writing of irreverent topical lyrics, often set to traditional melodies. Most of the American musical pamphlets have been irascibly noble in intent but flat and ponderous in execution, although there have been such notable exceptions as the work of Bob Dylan. In this tangy survey of the new British singer-editorialists, Ewan MacColl and his wife, Peggy Seeger (an expatriate American folk singer), provide evidence that the British may well be ahead of our dissenters in the revival of the broadside ballad of quality. The first side is sung by a lilting, mocking Scotsman, Matt McGinn, a former juvenile delinquent in Glasgow who later took a degree at Oxford in economics on a trade-union scholarship. Sharing the second half of the album are a sheep farmer, an advertising designer, a former coal miner, a computer expert, and a BBC producer. Not all of their songs avoid bathos or self-righteousness, but most do. The collection as a whole, moreover, provides tart insights into the frustrations and revenges of factory workers, colliers, and stonemen as well as sardonic asides on the British color bar, Polaris bases, and foremen who have forgotten their plebeian roots. Except for the BBC producer, the singers are unaffected, disarmingly lyrical, and irrepressibly skeptical. The apex of their musical skewering is Matt McGinn's "O'Rourke," about a time-and-motion-study man whose excessive efficiency brought his work to a drastic conclusion.

FRANK PROFFITT: REESE, NORTH CAROLINA. (*Folk-Legacy Records* FSA-1, *$4.98*, Huntington, Vermont.)

Although most current "folk" albums are made by urban eclectics (artful and otherwise), a few of the folk themselves are still being recorded. One of the year's most rewarding field trips has resulted in this album by Frank Proffitt, a forty-nine-year-old North Carolina tobacco farmer and carpenter who also makes and sells prestigious banjos and dulcimers for hip citybillies. Much of Proffitt's repertory was transmitted to him through his family, but he has also done a considerable amount of collecting on his own.

Proffitt is a superb traditional singer in the Anglo-American tradition. His voice is warm, virile, and flexible. He is as skillful and relaxed in a chilling Anglo-Saxon ballad of disastrous love as he is in mountain drinking songs and play-party tunes. Mr. Proffitt can be wistful without being coy and he can be intensely dramatic without overstating his emotions. In addition, his resources include a dryly subtle wit. It was Proffitt's version of "Tom Dooley," a North Carolina murder ballad, that was adapted into a major pop hit a few years ago. This album finally makes available Proffitt's own interpretation of the song, and it is in welcome contrast to the slick prancing of the Kingston Trio's transmogrification. Frank Proffitt's recording is one of the first releases by a singularly conscientious new folk label directed by collector-singer Sandy Paton. The recorded sound is first-rate; and Paton includes full texts, historical backgrounds, and an excellent bibliography. Unlike some field recordings, this set does not require diligent application by an uninitiated listener. It is immediately and durably assimilable.

SO EARLY IN THE MORNING: IRISH CHILDREN'S TRADITIONAL SONGS. (*Tradition* TLP 1034, *$4.98.*)

Of all the huge quantity of folk and quasi-folk recordings of the past year, few have been so consistently buoyant and refreshing as Diane Hamilton's collection of children's songs from County Tipperary, Ireland. A few easeful adults are heard intermittently, but most of the album is given over to the grandchildren of the large Clancy family in Carrick-on-Suir. In chorus and in playful, self-assured solos, the youngsters' high spirits and rhythmic resiliency are further flavored by their lightly rolling brogue. The songs include nonsense rhymes and games that occasionally make Dr. Seuss sound grayly conservative. There are also characteristically casual children's voices of death, old tunes with new twists of meaning, and a brightly bloody song of war between the Irish and the English in which all the participants successively lose their ears, hands, eyes, and legs.

—NAT HENTOFF

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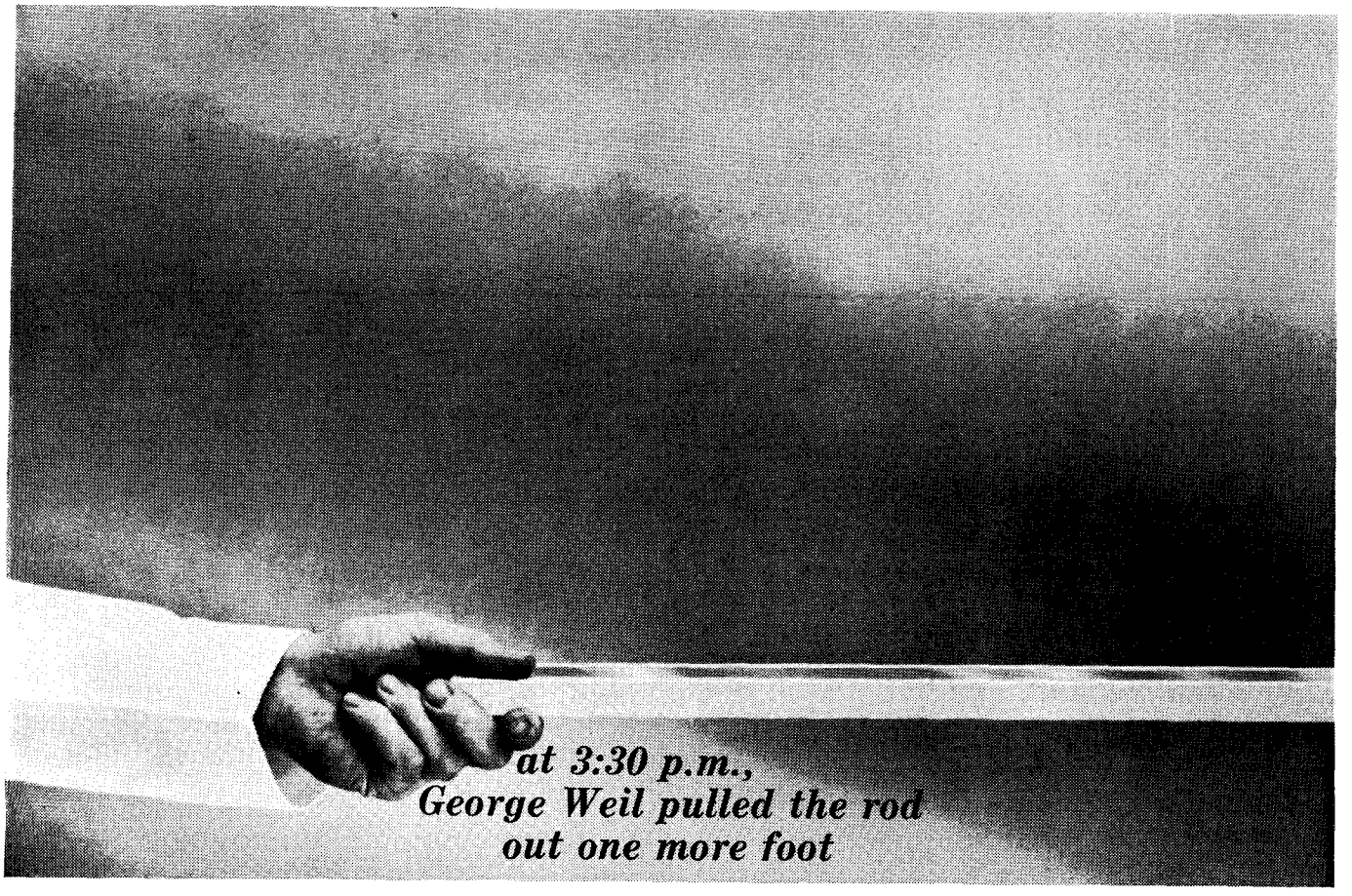
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



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BOOKS

Bachelor of Art

ALFRED KAZIN

HENRY JAMES, by Leon Edel. VOLUME II: THE CONQUEST OF LONDON, 1870-1881. VOLUME III: THE MIDDLE YEARS, 1882-1895. *Lippincott. $8.50 each.*

The first volume of Leon Edel's meticulous and sensitive biography of Henry James closed on James in 1870, when he was twenty-seven and had just returned from his first independent and "passionate pilgrimage" abroad; the second volume opens on Henry in the parental home in Cambridge, which he will soon leave for permanent residence in England; the third volume closes on James in 1894, stout, famous, and a bit jaded, but awaiting his "new chance" as a writer in the theater. So the curtain goes down at the end of one volume and goes up to begin another. This dramatic pacing or "handling" of James's life is carried out in the finest detail; the chapters are scenes showing James in London, James in Venice, James at work, James in society, James feeling old anxieties of competition in the presence of his brother William, James in Mount Auburn Cemetery reading aloud a letter to his parents over their graves; James visiting horrible old Millbank Prison in London to work up material for *The Princess Casamassima* . . .

Mr. Edel's biography—the fourth and last volume is still to come—is remarkable for the sheer amount of information it furnishes on the daily movements of a novelist who despite his fanatical powers of work traveled constantly and made a ritual of friendship. But the most remarkable thing about this work is the drama, chapter by chapter and even year by year, that Mr. Edel has made out of the career of a writer to whom, in one sense, nothing ever "happened." James himself thought that "men of tranquillity" made poor subjects for biography unless they were involved in great public events. I have read the first three volumes of Mr. Edel's biography with enormous pleasure and am looking forward eagerly to the last act; the "drama" is authentic, and it has been constructed with rare feeling, often as a kind of echo of James's own genius for suggesting the atmosphere surrounding cities, people, and books. Mr. Edel has been reconstituting James's life with the kind of intellectual sympathy that James himself brought to the friends and books he loved.

To do Henry James's life this elaborately, with so much conscious art, is possible only if the biographer puts himself wholly at the service of his subject—if he sees life substantially in James's terms, with James's eyes. What is dramatic about Henry James's life is the effort he put out, his passion for literary achievement. Everything went into that. Yet James himself could write so many wonderful personal essays and memoirs because he brought to his quiet life, these sedate travels, his very timidities, his literary affections, an extraordinary longing to *possess*, to appropriate, to "saturate" himself in something more. He tried to conquer life by the force of his intellectual passion. He portrays himself always as a man holding out his arms to the beloved object that is life. He does not feel that he possesses anything (if he did there might be no inextinguishable passion to commemorate); he speaks always of the campaign *to* possess, the strategy involved in becoming the first true novelist of American society, the first American who aimed to become an international figure in literature. "I aspire to write in such a way that it would be impossible to an outsider to say whether I am, at a given moment, an American writing about England or an Englishman writing about America." James is probably the most extraordinary instance of a great novelist whose main theme is always life as it is *yet* to be lived, life as the beautiful dream of intellectual possession and saturation, life as individual aspiration rather than as the human situation that it has been to so many novelists. Not romantic—in the sense of having illusions—but visionary in the quality and tone of his expectation, truly a "pilgrim of art," James made his mark because of the eloquence that follows from so much unused capacity for experience.

THIS "cherishing" of the moment, this felt, responsive "vibration" to every experience, the intensity of "suggestion" that lurked for James in the slightest contact, makes the life of this man, who had so many conscious proprieties about life, a romance after all. This is why Mr. Edel can put so much atmosphere and emotion into James sitting in a Cambridge hotel room scribbling in a notebook, James calling on Turgenev in Paris, James in Venice listening to how "the gondolier's cry, carried over the quiet water, makes a kind of splash in the stillness." Even a writer who never married, who never went in for love affairs, who never got drunk, who never fell into disgrace, who wrote the better part of every day and as faithfully went out to a dinner party every evening, a writer who was an obedient son, so kind a brother that he gave his invalid sister Alice his share of their parents' legacy, a writer who was never "crazy" like Melville, melancholy like Hawthorne, erratic like Mark Twain—even such a writer, conformist enough to dine out 140 times in a single winter sea-

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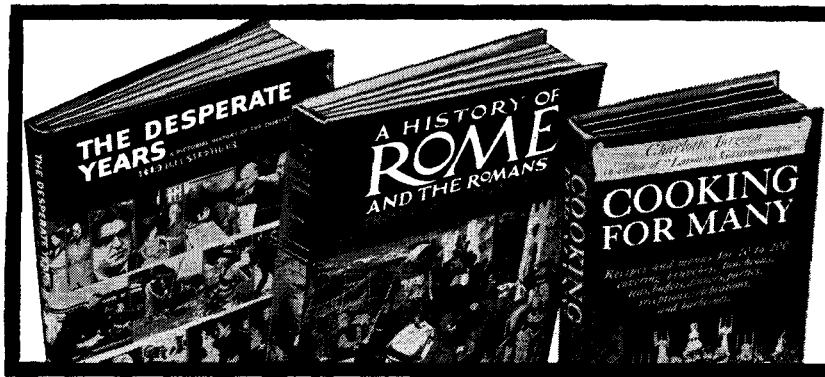

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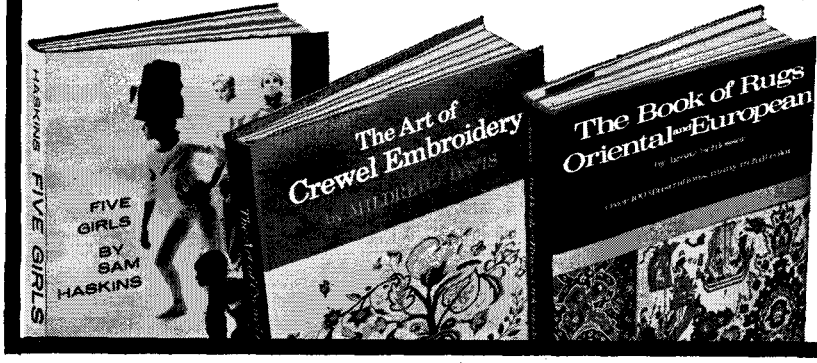

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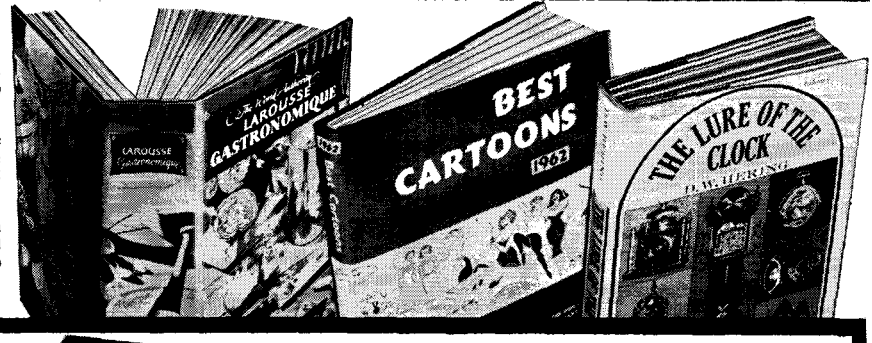

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son, made of his life, already so industrious, a permanently vivid dream of art. As the blind hear better than other people and the immobile sometimes have to think harder than other people, so Henry James's timid, decent, pale life embodied forever the expectation, the romance, the excitement of turning every possible impression and "vibration" into literature. And it is by tracing this atmosphere of expectation to New York, Cambridge, London, Paris, Rome, Venice with a subject having so many impressions in each that Mr. Edel can make such a pacific and delightful book of James's life. This is the very springtime of American literature. The world was always before Henry James. And this incarnation of the best hopes for the American novel was a bachelor, in his thirties already famous and contented, for whom shifting his residence from Cambridge to London or choosing between a season near Mrs. Jack Gardner in Venice rather than with someone else in Rome represented major decisions.

ONCE, and only once, it seems, was this industrious, dedicated, contentedly virginal existence significantly interrupted by the blow from life that James had always so carefully guarded himself against. Despite James's attempts to frustrate and mislead his future biographers, Mr. Edel has uncovered a love story of sorts. Constance Fenimore Woolson, a grandniece of Cooper, was a minor novelist, two years older than James, partly deaf, extremely solitary; she saw more significance in their being two American writers abroad than James did. At various times they lived near each other in Italy; once they even had adjoining quarters in the same villa. Fenimore, as she was called, urged James to "Take the one further step, and use your perfect art in delineating a real love as it really is. For you will never deny that it exists—though it may be rare." Her feeling for him reads as if it followed from her admiration for his "perfect art." She seems not to have understood the extent to which this perfection was won from the conscious privations and inhibitions of his life. As an artist James triumphed over life, over his own life. So much will power perhaps persuaded Fenimore that he could will his way to love. Friendship was enough for him; it was not enough for her.

On January 24, 1894, while ill with influenza, she threw herself out the window of her house in Venice. James, deeply shocked by her death, found himself, as soon as he learned how she had died, unable to attend her funeral in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. "He could have faced the dead Fenimore," Mr. Edel says, "if she had died as his sister had died. It was the brutality, the violence, the stark horror, the seeming madness of Fenimore's last act which struck him—and that he should have been so mistaken in a person for whom he had shown so much affection. In doing violence to herself, she had, so to speak, done violence to him and he sought now some shield behind which he could withdraw and take care of his deep wound." In writing to friends about her, James emphasized that "half one's friendship for her was always anxiety." His greatest anxiety now was that in the piles of her papers there might be notebooks, even diaries, describing their relationship. Although he had not been able to go to Venice for the funeral, he was able to go there now in order to assist Miss Woolson's sister in going through the papers.

The best part of this story, which James would not have been able to write, is the possibility that James may have found in her notebooks the suggestion for his own story "The Beast in the Jungle"—the story of a man who spent life looking for and waiting for his one "splendid moment," as she put it. "But the moment never comes," she wrote in sketching out the story. "When he is old and infirm it comes to a neighbour who has never thought of it or cared for it." Mr. Edel says that Henry *may* have seen this note; but whether he did see it or not, he did write the story of the man who waits all his life for something very special to happen to him and who discovers too late that the anticipation alone has filled his life. As usual with Henry James, the imagination triumphed in spite of the void of experience; he got a story out of it—another story than the one he actually lived.

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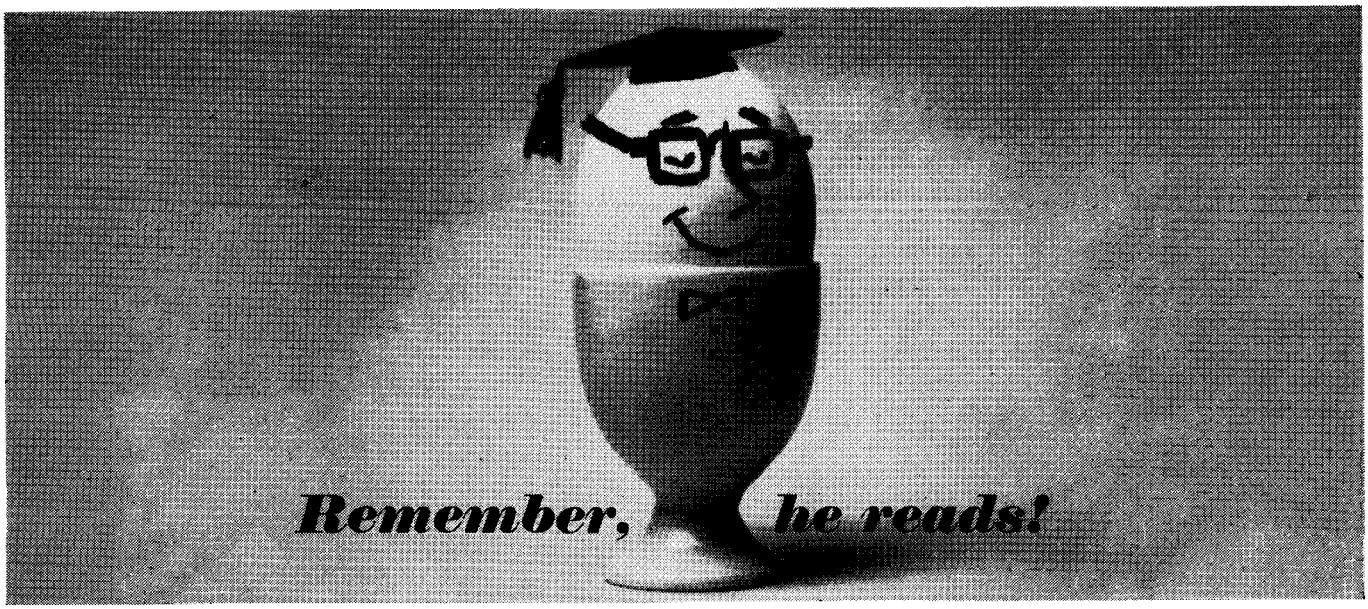

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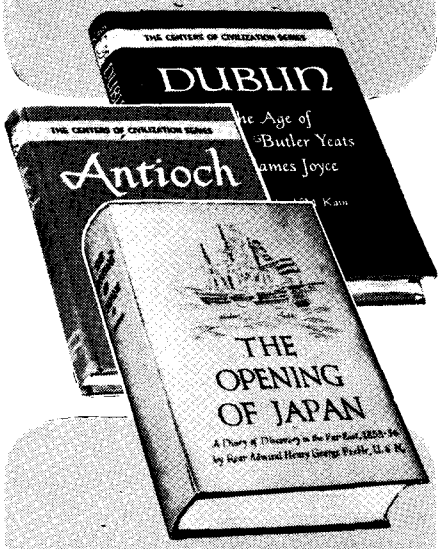

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A Valley From Long Ago

PETER HASTINGS

Under the Mountain Wall: A Chronicle of Two Seasons in the Stone Age, by Peter Matthiessen. *Viking. $7.50.*

Among the high, fractured valley systems that run off the great central spine of New Guinea there is none more forbidding, more remote, or more inaccessible than that of the Baliem River in West New Guinea. To the east in Australian-controlled territory, the Wahgi, the Markham, the Goroka, and the Ramu shine blue in the morning sun; at 4,500 feet precarious airstrips dot the green valley floor and hillsides, handsome homes have been carved out of rough virgin bush by Australian settlers, rough roads connect small, modern townships, coffee plantations gleam like unexpected gray and green jewels in the mountain jungles. They are wild enough, those valleys, but they are relatively friendly. The Baliem is different. The reward for an unnerving Cessna flight—through a narrow gap at thirteen thousand feet over limestone cliffs that plunge dizzily down into mist, rain, and ugly montane forest—is one's first glimpse of a narrow, emerald-green valley perhaps forty miles long by twenty miles wide hemmed in by jagged mountains. Running serpentine through it is the turbulent, icy cold Baliem itself, in which no fish live. You can stand at the end of the valley and all but see the other end, and yet it takes days to walk through its swamps, savanna, marshland, and across the innumerable slimy poles that bridge the irrigation ditches. You will see little sign of human life except a few distant native fires or the lethargic activity around Wamena (the former Dutch administrative center) and its airstrip.

And yet somewhere between forty to eighty thousand Dani people live in the valley or its subsidiary gorges. The Dani are a tough, independent people grouped in small, mutually exclusive tribal societies, hostile to one another for the most part although contracting shifting alliances of war and uneasy peace. They live in the universal Papuan world of sorcery and spirits but live well by Papuan standards in a timeless rhythm of work, play, war, and propagation. Physically strong, they are often attractive-looking people, especially the very young women, heavy-breasted, with sweet, patient faces, bent over their heavy digging sticks in the gardens or met trudging along a mountain track, a baby or a pig or both tucked deep into their net bags. They are superb and ingenious agriculturalists, working sweet-potato gardens often set improbably high on the mountain sides. The incomplete diet, the thin altitudes, the unceasing labor, and chronic respiratory infections take their toll. A man of forty-five is a toothless, wizened thing and a man of fifty may well be unique.

The Baliem is only seventy minutes' flight from Hollandia (or Kota Bahru as it now is): seventy minutes that bridge dramatically two distinct stages of man's cultural evolution. It is this contrast, striking and vast, that makes New Guinea fascinating. It is the last place in the world where several hundred thousand people still live completely untouched by what we call civilization and where another two million live in varying degrees of emergence from the extremely primitive.

Mr. Matthiessen has caught this fascination in his well-written, handsomely produced book, illustrated with remarkable photographs. He spent two seasons among the Kurelu tribe of the northern Baliem with the Harvard-Peabody Expedition of 1961. His book is a collection of keen and meticulous observations of the Kurelu at work, play, war, in love and in death. His dramatis personae are the great *kains* (leaders), the women, the children, the old men of the villages. He is expert at describing a cremation, a war, a cave drawing, a lonely child, a sudden sidelong smile. Some passages are beautiful, such as the one in which he describes the solitary, Woluklek, who liked to explore in an aimless fashion and follow his own devices. Perhaps what he brings off best is the sense of Dani independence, and their great indifference to large

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parts of white civilization once the initial shock and surprise is over.

I remember meeting, while on a patrol, a southern Dani chieftain who had been taken by the Dutch with another *kain* to Hollandia by air. He became increasingly less impressed by automobiles, ships, shops, macadam roads, or houses. The two things that *had* impressed him were the abundance of sea shells and the sea itself. Shells are universal trading currency throughout New Guinea—and in varying degrees, depending on their rarity and type, a status symbol—and they reach even the remotest parts of mountainous New Guinea by regular if obscure trading routes. This man and the other *kain* with him took back two bucketfuls to the Baliem. The sea had impressed him because of its salt. I doubt if there are a dozen salt wells in the Baliem—sources of the lumpy gray crystals used for big pig feasts. He would dearly have liked to own the whole of Humboldt Bay. He was a tall, arrogant man with a little tufted beard who kept drumming his penis gourd for emphasis, adding the universal Dani exclamation of wonder, interrogation, and affirmation: ". . . *Wa, wa, wa.*" Stuck in the ground beside him, his spears rose like tall, black plumes against the blue sky. As we talked the sun cut at us while down the other end of the valley rain fell in gray, ponderous cataracts. (Somewhere in the Baliem it is always raining.) He lived up on the mountainside with five or six wives, and he swore that he would never go back to Hollandia.

It is of people like these that Mr. Matthiessen has written so well and with such feeling. To live with a very primitive people can be trying and difficult. For all the fun, one has to have a touch of Rousseau, a genuine regret, as Mr. Matthiessen has, for the passing of "a lost culture in the terrible beauty of its pure estate." The larger problems of the political future of the island—of the complicated and bewildering changes that are coming not only for the people of the Baliem but for the whole island—have no place in this book. Nor can they. This is a simple, skillful chronicle of primitive life. For the other—a sadder, more terrible story—we shall have to wait.

Anyone Here Seen Anton?

GERALD WEALES

CHEKHOV, by Ernest J. Simmons, *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $10.*

There is a kind of classic simplicity in the story of Chekhov if one can keep it down to two paragraphs. The grandson of a man who bought his own and his family's way out of serfdom, Chekhov grew up in a home in which his father's piety and strictness served as both hobble and goad. Left in Taganrog to support himself and finish school when his bankrupt father followed the two older boys to Moscow, Chekhov got his first taste of freedom. There was an accompanying taste of responsibility, for the young man sent money to the host of hungry Chekhovs in Moscow. When he joined them, at nineteen, he signed on as surrogate head of the family, an unenviable position he held for the rest of his short life. His first unsuccessful attempts at writing began when he was still in school in Taganrog, but after he got to Moscow he began writing in earnest, not in the name of art but to earn enough money to feed the family, put a roof over its collective head, and keep himself in medical school.

At this point, the story develops three branches. Chekhov the writer moved from the comic pieces of the journalistic hack to more solid sketches and finally to the short stories that made him one of Russia's most respected authors; he crowned his literary achievement by becoming, during his last few years, not only Russia's most important dramatist but one of the trio (the other two were Ibsen and Strindberg) who changed the face of European theater. Chekhov the doctor practiced intermittently and unprofitably, only occasionally (as in the trip to investigate the prison island Sakhalin) asserting the scientist over the writer. Chekhov the man, marked for early death by tuberculosis, gave much of his energy to his family, his friends, the causes he believed in, but, despite the rumors of ro-

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mance, he carefully guarded himself until, at forty-one, he married the actress Olga Knipper, who filled his last few years with so much joy and distress.

THIS IS the story of Chekhov, in and out of Simmons. The new biographer provides few surprises; he does explode a few Chekhov myths, such as the one about the great unconsummated love affair that Lydia Avilov sells—and many biographers buy—in *Chekhov in My Life*. For the most part, however, Simmons' contribution is one of detail. He has had access to more material—published and archival—than the other Chekhov biographers have had, simply because the work of Chekhov scholars in Russia continually turns up new biographical information. The Simmons book is a many-chaptered affair built of short sections, each of which gives a momentary glimpse of Chekhov from a particular angle. These sections pretty much follow a standard pattern; the information is given through quoted or paraphrased descriptions from Chekhov or his family and friends, followed usually by a brief summary from Simmons. Often the material seems pointless and dull, the kind of thing that may be necessary to a definitive biography but that keeps one from getting a clear picture of the subject.

"The image must be a complete one," Simmons writes in his preface, "for to possess the whole man is to know his whole life, his total personality as it develops and takes final shape." A perceptible shape, however, must be given by the biographer who organizes the facts and fancies of life. This is not the time to start a back-to-Lytton Strachey movement, but in the face of so many vast biographical accumulations of detail published within the last few years, the artistic problems and duties of the biographer seem badly in need of redefinition. I would hesitate to say that Chekhov's Yalta guest lists or some of his casual remarks, half-remembered by a memoir writer, are worthless; they ought to be on record somewhere for the organizing scholar who can make use of them. In this biography, however, they do not contribute to that complete image Simmons speaks of; they break Chekhov into fragments.

Simmons does have some definite ideas about the motivating forces that pushed Chekhov through life and some firm opinions about the way his ideas changed and the way those changes affected his writing. For instance, he is convinced that Chekhov spent his life trying to get over the fact that he was the son of a serf, trying to establish the respectability of position, particularly as a landowner. Since the book gives ample evidence of Chekhov's acquisition of property he could not afford, the view can be substantiated and might even be used to explain some of Chekhov's genteel primness. Simmons also quite obviously believes that Chekhov's objectivity (as a writer, as an observer) was in continual conflict with his concerned disapproval of much within his society and that his later work, in its choice of material if not in its specific statement, indicated that the objectivity had given place to social protest. I do not find Simmons convincing on this count, largely because his reading of Chekhov's work is usually quite different from mine. For instance, the wonderfully painful ironic ending that I find in *Uncle Vanya* is, for him, "a spiritual symphony of the undying hope that is to be found in lives dedicated to work and service to others." In considering the biography, however, it is less important that I accept the first of these ideas and doubt the second than it is that both of them bob up and down on a sea of trivial detail when they need to be rescued and decked out in the dry clothes of a consistent and selective presentation of evidence.

THERE IS a Chekhov who comes through this book. He is one of the real Chekhovs, I suspect, but his appearance is more an accident of the book's method than it is a testimonial to his reality. This is the restless Chekhov, who could not stay in one place for more than a few weeks, who could not bear to be alone but felt trapped as soon as a crowd appeared, and who doubted his capacities as often as he knew his worth. It is a pathetic figure, dogged by loneliness and pain, sustained by work and the occasional happy surprise of just being alive.

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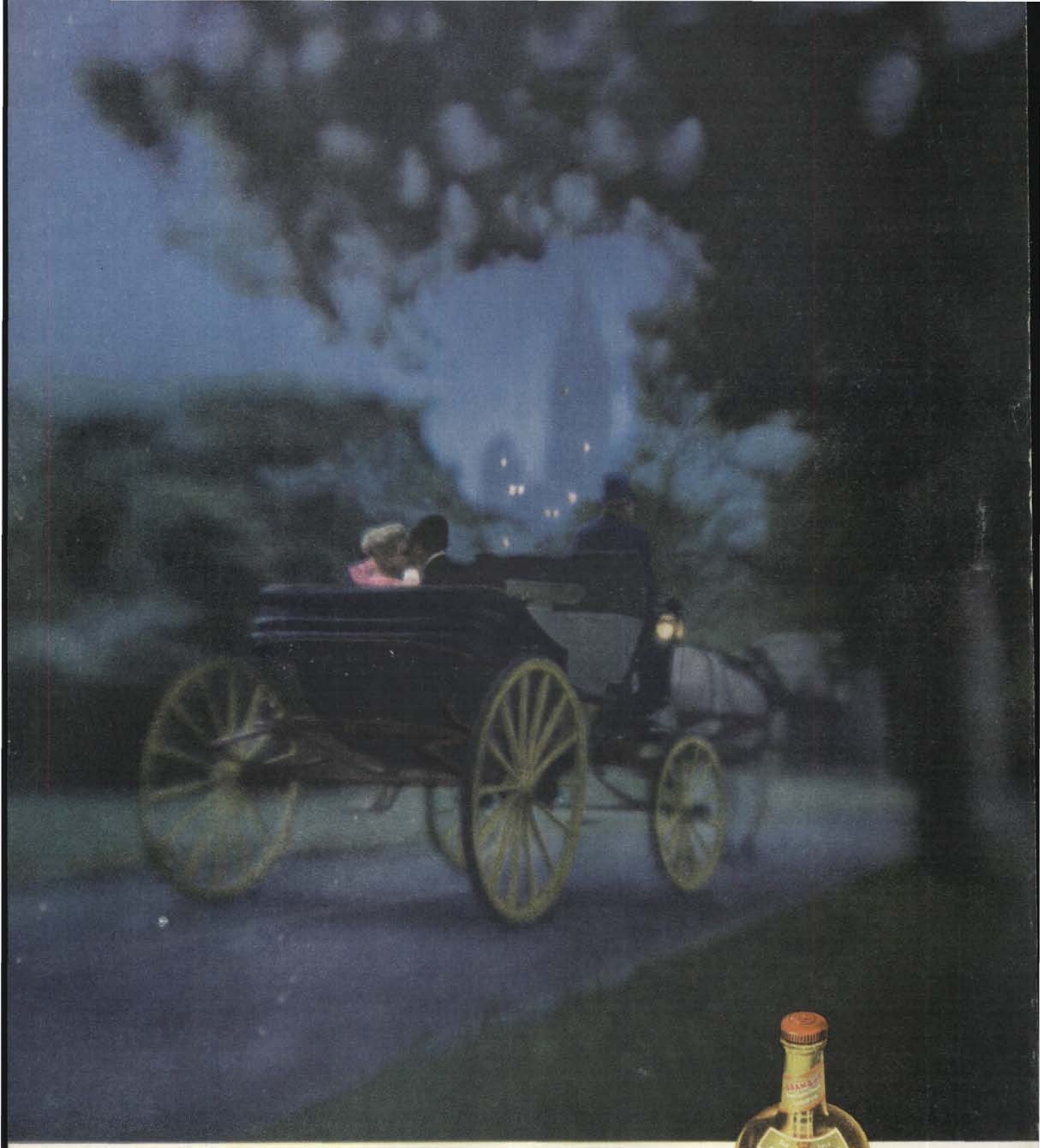

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